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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now, in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and, with the exception of the *Providence Journal*, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 255, Order Sons of St. George—Jesse Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 15, Knights of Macchabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTED, No. 970, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John H. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Bullock, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss R. M. Macy, President; Miss J. M. Dancy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbridge, Master Workman; Perry H. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBORN LODGE, No. 98, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Miss G. Mrs. J. J. Sullivan, Secretary; Kittle G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 9, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gordon, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 166—Robert B. Monroe, chief; Alexander Gillespie, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

There was considerable business before the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, including the opening of bids for housing money to the city, and for printing the City Documents. The regular weekly pay rolls and some other bills were approved. There were several applications for various kinds of licenses, some of which were granted and some refused. The city treasurer was directed to pay Jacob Thomas \$25 in full settlement of his claim for damages. John Allen of Swampscott, Mass., was given leave to withdraw his petition for \$1500 for injuries received in a fall on the sidewalk on Pelham street.

Bids were opened for printing the City Documents. Remington Ward was the lowest bidder, but it was the belief of the board that there should be a requirement that the work should be done in Newport, and Mayor Clarke was made a committee to find out whether the lowest bidder proposed to have the work done here, before the contract was awarded.

A license was granted for a small road show to exhibit on a lot on Bedford avenue on June 8. Alderman Shepley was made a committee to hire suitable playgrounds for children. Bids were opened for loaning money to the city, in lots of \$25,000 and \$50,000, the bid of Loring, Tallman and Tupper being accepted.

The plan for an underground conduit on Bellevue avenue for electric wires was referred to the Superintendent of wires for approval. Alderman Shepley was made a committee to consult with Mr. J. D. Johnston in regard to plans for ventilating the council chamber. Mayor Clarke and Alderman Shepley were made a committee to draw plans for the celebration of the Fourth of July.

The session of the Naval War College at Coasters Harbor Island will open for the season of 1908 on Tuesday next when the opening address will be delivered. The speaker on that occasion will be either Secretary of the Navy Metcalf or Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, retired. The latter has been the speaker on some previous occasions, and it is confidently felt that he should be, because he is widely known as the father of the War College. The members of the class will report on Monday, and a large number of officers are expected.

Department Commander William O. Milne is able to be out after his recent illness.

Sunday Burglaries.

There were several daylight breaks by boys last Sunday which astonished the police by their boldness, but which finally resulted in the capture of the culprits and their immediate departure for the State reform school to remain until they attain their majority. Whether or not all the persons who were concerned in the breaks received sentences is considered rather doubtful, it being generally believed that others had at least a guilty knowledge of what was going on.

Shortly after noon on Sunday it was discovered that the three stores in the Chase building on Thames street, occupied by Dudley's souvenir store, Schoentzler's barber shop and Ruecker's jewelry store, had been entered since 10 o'clock that morning. Entrance was effected into the barber shop through a small window from which a pane of glass had been removed by previous burglaries. From there the intruders entered the jewelry store and the souvenir store, getting away with several watches and some small change in the former place. Probably the same parties entered several other places during the day, among them being the Centre Market, Bryer's paint shop and Lincoln Hammett's, the amount taken being small in each instance.

While the police were being changed at 6 o'clock that evening two officers saw small boys trying to enter Alex. N. Barker's office on Lopez wharf. They were quickly apprehended and confessed their part in several breaks; telling where the watches taken from the jewelry store were hidden, and they were recovered. The boys, John Moriarty, 13 years old, and Hugh Shreevan, 8 years old, were arraigned in the police court Monday morning and pleading guilty were both sentenced to the reform school during their minority.

It is hoped that this drastic action will result in breaking up the gang of boys that has given police and property owners much trouble during the past few months.

Deserved Honors.

Charles Curtis, keeper of the Rose Island light, was yesterday presented with a bronze medal of honor by the Department of Rhode Island, U. S. Volunteer Life Saving Corps, for saving two lives off the light in 1905 and 1906. The presentation was made by State Superintendent W. E. Longfellow who came down from Providence in the Corps launch.

The medal is a handsome affair of bronze, inscribed with the name of the recipient, and the date of the rescue. It has a bar for each rescue, and with it was given two certificates detailing the affair and testifying to the desirability of men fitting themselves to save the lives of others in danger of drowning.

Captain Curtis was recommended for a medal last fall and would have received the memento with the others at the band of Governor Higgins at the State Capitol, had he been able to leave his station. The keeper at Borden Flats light, Joseph Meyer, is also to get a medal later.

The corps launch, Colonel, while in Newport anchored off the Newport Yacht Club, in order to deliver some life buoys needed for the Newport district, and the buoys and lines in service here were inspected by the superintendent.

Providence Line Resumes.

Passenger service by the Providence Line between New York and Providence, R. I., will be resumed for the summer season on Monday, June 1st. The magnificently appointed steamers Providence and Plymouth will be in service on this line from June 1st to September 28th.

From New York the steamer Providence will leave Pier 18 N. R., foot of Murray St., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and the steamer Plymouth on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. From Providence steamer Plymouth will leave on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and the steamer Providence on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Each steamer carries an orchestra. A fine program of concert music will help to lighten the voyage in either direction. The scenic delights of the route of the Providence Line are a revelation to those who make the voyage for the first time.

Harford W. H. Powell, Jr., of Newport of the Junior Class in Harvard College, has been awarded the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize of a hundred dollars for a poem on New England. This prize was founded by the Class of 1888 in memory of their classmate, Lloyd McKim Garrison. The endowment is for a prize consisting of one hundred dollars and a silver medal for the best poem on a subject to be chosen and announced by a committee of the Department of English.

Two Bodies Recovered.

The body of Private Harry McIntosh of the Marine Guard of the Naval Training Station, who was drowned from the tug *Abbie R. Wood* on February 16, was found by a fisherman near Prudence Island on Monday. The medical examiner of Portsmouth was notified and men went up from the Training Station to identify the body. The remains were brought to Newport and were prepared for shipment to the home of his mother in Pennsylvania. The body was sent on the three o'clock train Wednesday afternoon, being escorted from Cottrell undertaking rooms by a detail of marines from the Training Station, accompanied by the full band.

The body of Private Benjamin G. Steenerson was also found, on Wednesday, floating near the same place where that of McIntosh was found. The medical examiner was notified and gave permission for its removal to Newport. The two men were drowned at the same time, the supposition being that Steenerson jumped overboard in an effort to save his comrade who had fallen into the water.

Steenerson was the son of Congressman Steenerson of Minnesota, who was notified by the station authorities and came on here to take charge of the body and take it back to his home for interment.

Postmaster at Jamestown.

Hon. William F. Caswell has been appointed postmaster at Jamestown to succeed the late John B. Landers who died in office some months ago. The office has been vacant since that time and Mr. Eugene W. Atkinson has been acting as postmaster temporarily. The appointment of Mr. Caswell is very pleasing to the residents of Jamestown as he is fully conversant with the duties of the office and is regarded as entirely competent to administer it with credit to himself and to the town.

Although a native of New York, Mr. Caswell has lived in Jamestown for twenty-two years. He has been town clerk of that town since 1891, a position that he will be compelled to resign upon accepting the office of postmaster. He has been tax collector and has held other positions of trust and responsibility.

Mr. Caswell represented the town of Jamestown in the House of Representatives for two years and is now serving his fourth term as Senator. During his long service in the Legislature he has been recognized as a man of much ability and has been honored by appointments to very important committees. He is a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Royal Arcanum.

Judge O'Gorman in the New York Supreme Court has granted an interlocutory decree of divorce on the petition of Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt from her husband, Alfred G. Vanderbilt. The decree gives an absolute divorce, allowing Mrs. Vanderbilt to remarry during the lifetime of Mr. Vanderbilt, but forbidding Mr. Vanderbilt to remarry during her lifetime. The custody of the minor child is given to Mrs. Vanderbilt, the father to have permission to see him upon application to the court, after giving five days notice to Mrs. Vanderbilt. It is understood that a financial settlement in the interest of the minor child was effected by agreement between counsel. Mrs. Vanderbilt's private fortune is amply sufficient to cover her personal needs. Mrs. Vanderbilt is at present in Newport at the home of her mother, Mrs. E. O. French, who has this week returned from Europe.

Mr. John E. Groff, son of the late Deacon Groff of this city, has been appointed a member of the State commission to carry out the provisions of the pure food act recently passed by the Legislature. Mr. Groff is the pharmacist of the Rhode Island hospital, and has been president of the Rhode Island Pharmaceutical Association.

The Newport Yacht Club will hold its first race of the season on Memorial Day, the new handicap rules being used on that occasion for the first time. The regular weekly handicap races will start on June 10 and continue through the summer.

Mrs. Frank L. Carr of this city has gone to Panama to join her husband who is engaged in work upon the Panama canal. When Mr. Carr was in Newport last fall he spoke very enthusiastically of conditions on the isthmus.

Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt has had his horses on exhibition at the Philadelphia horse show this week, and as usual has carried away his share of the prizes. The horses will be returned to Sandy Point Farm at the close of the show.

Mr. John R. Drexel is to have an extensive greenhouse built at his summer residence on the Cliffs.

Open Air Mass.

There was an immense crowd at the Naval Training Station on Sunday morning last to attend the somewhat novel feature of a military mass in the open air. The number of persons, including the members of the military and other organizations, has been estimated at about 5000, the splendid summer weather contributing its part toward drawing a crowd. The facilities of the street railway were taxed to its utmost, every car being crowded to its capacity, and carriages, automobiles and omnibuses were called into requisition for conveying the crowd, while by far the largest number went and returned on foot.

An altar had been placed in position on the level tract just inside the grounds, giving an excellent chance for all to see and hear the service. The various organizations were drawn up in the form of a hollow square before the altar, the large augmented choir under the direction of Professor Commette being inside. Chaplain Brennan of the Training Station conducted the service, with Father Reddy as deacon and Father O'Rourke as sub-deacon. The sermon was delivered by Father Roberts of New York.

The graduating exercises of the Rogers High School will be held in the assembly hall of the Rogers building on June 18th, and the graduating exercises of the grammar schools will be held in the same place on the following day. There are large classes in each instance. The number of pupils who complete the course in the Rogers High School and obtain diplomas has increased wonderfully in the last few years, perhaps because the course has been improved so as to give more practical education than it formerly did.

The anniversary of Newport's last holiday, Election, was duly observed on Tuesday last by members of the Newport Historical Society in accordance with their custom since the abolition of the functions of the day. Vice President W. Watts Sherman presided and an interesting paper was read by President Tompkins, his topic being Benedict Arnold, the first Governor of Rhode Island under the charter. The paper contained many interesting items from the far past of Newport.

The June session of the Superior Court will meet in this city on Monday next, when it is expected that there will be a busy term. There are several cases to be presented to the grand jury for their consideration and it seems likely that several indictments will be returned. There are many cases marked for trial at the session of the court, but there is always a possibility that some of them may be continued before they come to trial.

The Rhode Island Library Association held its annual meeting in Newport last Monday, the morning session being held at the new parish house of the United Congregational Church, and the afternoon session at the Rogers High School assembly hall. Mayor Clarke delivered the address of welcome to the members and several interesting papers on timely subjects were read.

The Newport base ball club, which was a part of the defunct Atlantic Association, is now playing independent ball and is drawing good sized audiences. The Cuban Giants, old time favorites in Newport when they played here years ago, have been here this week and interesting games have been seen.

Rev. James Austin Richards preached the annual memorial sermon for deceased soldiers and sailors at the United Congregational Church on Sunday evening last. The members of Lawton-Warren post attended in a body.

The various shore resorts of Narragansett Bay and vicinity, including Island Park, will be formally opened to-day. If the weather is propitious there should be large crowds at all the resorts to-day and to-morrow.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe observed the eighty-ninth anniversary of her birth at her residence in Boston on Wednesday. She expects to open her residence in Middletown for the summer very shortly.

Mackerel are coming in in larger quantities and the price has consequently dropped considerably. The fishing season had been quite backward this spring.

Mr. E. Rollins Morse has been in town this week looking over his property here. His Newport estate will probably not be occupied during the season.

Mrs. Ira I. England died suddenly at her home in Providence this week. She was formerly engaged in the millinery business in Newport.

Dr. James H. Chappelle observed the eighty-first anniversary of his birth on Wednesday.

Memorial Day.

Today, Saturday, will be Memorial Day, and there is every indication that it will be appropriately observed in Newport. It is rather unfortunate in some respects that the holiday falls on a Saturday for that is a very inconvenient day for many stores to close. There has been considerable discussion regarding the advisability of closing up the business places and there will probably be not much uniformity about it. The meat and provision stores seem obliged to keep open part of the day, and there has been some talk of closing during the afternoon and reopening at 6 o'clock for the Saturday evening trade. A number of leading stores in other lines of business have announced that they will keep open all day, but this is not by concerted action. However, banks and public offices will close for the whole day and there will be a very general holiday appearance about the city.

The military features of the day will be fully as comprehensive as usual. There will be the customary details from the Grand Army Post for decorating the graves, and the street parade in the afternoon will be a large one, one feature being the presence of the Department Commander, William O. Milne, with his staff.

During the morning, details from the post will visit the different cemeteries and place flowers on the graves of deceased comrades. The pretty ceremony of strewing flowers on the waters, in memory of those who died at sea, will take place at the Government landing at 11 o'clock by members of the Women's Relief Corps of the post.

In the afternoon the Newport Artillery Company will march to the Lawton-Warren Post and escort the post to the First Presbyterian Church, where at 2 o'clock the following programme of exercises will be given, Commander James H. Hampton presiding:

Organ Voluntary.
Choir, "Blest of God! The God of Nations."
Prayer, by the Chaplain of the Day, Rev. James Austin Richards.
Choir, "Firmly Stand My Native Land."
Reading of Lincoln's Address.
First Commander A. F. Spake.
Choir, "Columbia."
Roll of honor of deceased comrades of the past year.
Past Commander Edwin H. Tiley.
Chorus, "Our Graves" (Keller's American Hymn).
Orator, by the Orator of the Day, Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D.
Choir and congregation, "America" and "Star Spangled Banner."
Benediction, by the Chaplain of the Day.

At 5 o'clock, or at the conclusion of the exercises, the line for the street parade will be formed on Broadway, right resting on Everett street, as follows:

Commander J. H. Hampton, Lawton-Warren Post, No. 5., commanding the line.
Past Department Commander A. K. McMillan, Adjutant of the day.
Aides—George A. Pritchard, John B. Munson, J. L. Greene, Captain W. L. C. Metcalf, Major Herbert Bliss, Lieutenant Silas H. Hazard, Howard R. Peckham and William MacKay, Senior Vice Department Commander, U. S. W. V.
Platoon of police.
Post Adjutant Band.
United States Coast Artillery, five companies, Major E. M. Blake, commanding.
Training Station Band.
Naval Brigade of Infantry, twelve companies, Boatswain William Spicer, commanding.
Newport Military Band, William M. Gilliam, leader.
Newport Artillery Company, special escort to G. A. R., Colonel C. L. F. Robinson, commanding.
Lawton-Warren Post, No. 5, G. A. R., Senior Vice Commander W. S. Sloane, commanding.
Colonel John Hare Powell Camp, No. 6, Sons of Veterans, S. S. Thompson, commanding.
Lawton-Warren Post Associates, President William H. Lee, commanding.

Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas Camp, No. 3, United Spanish War Veterans, Commander Marshall W. Hall, commanding.
Disabled Soldiers and Sailors in carriages.
Carriages containing Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., orator of the day; Rev. J. Austin Richards, Chaplain of the Day; Officers of the United States Army and Navy; Department Commander W. O. Milne and Staff; Postmaster and Collector of Customs, Representatives to Congress, Representatives to General Assembly, His Honor the Mayor, Officers of the City Government, Clergymen.

The line of march will be up Everett to Kay, to Bellevue avenue, to Pelham, to Thames, up Thames and Warner to the Island cemetery. The following services will be conducted at the soldiers and sailors' lot in the Island cemetery under the direction of Commander James H. Hampton.

Prayer, by the Chaplain of the Day.
Strewing flowers over the graves of those buried in the Soldiers and Sailors' lot.
Volley salute to the dead, by the Newport Artillery.
Music, by the band.
Taps.
Benediction.

At the conclusion of the services the Grand Army post will march through Warner and Gould streets to the Soldiers and Sailors' monument, where the flag will be saluted and the post will return to its quarters.

Middletown.

THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. ELISHA CLARKE PECKHAM OF MIDDLETOWN.—In these strenuous days of unrest and discontent, it is refreshing and interesting to learn of an anniversary which celebrates 60 years of happy wedded life.

On May 23d, 1848, at the Gideon Peckham homestead, since known as the "National Peckham Place" on Peckham Avenue, were united in marriage, by the Rev. John O. Chawles of Newport, Ardelta and Elisha Clarke Peckham. 50 years from that date they celebrated their golden wedding at their own home "7 Pines" on the adjoining farm, and 10 years later, on Saturday last, their 60th anniversary, at the same place.

It is a most remarkable circumstance, this spending the greater part of a long life (Mr. Peckham at the age of 81 and Mrs. Peckham at 75) in one spot, for with the exception of a comparatively short residence in Westport, their entire life has been lived in Middletown. It is of added interest to learn that out of a family of 12 children reared, but one is missing, the first child, a daughter, who passed away at the age of 6 years.

This is an unusual record; in fact, as an entire family, children, grand-children, and great-grand-children there have been but six deaths out of the whole number, 50.

The anniversary was to have been commemorated by an out of door lawn party but, owing to a recent rain, was celebrated within the house in the large sitting-room, Mr. and Mrs. Peckham receiving in the bay-window which was tastefully decorated in apple blossoms, together with a profusion of flowers in and about the various rooms.

Many relatives, friends, and neighbors called during the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock to offer congratulations during the informal reception which was held. In the course of the afternoon, Rev. Harold H. Crutchfield of the Methodist Episcopal church made a short but appropriate address, and all joined in singing the Doxology as he completed his remarks. Mrs. H. J. Grinnell, the oldest child, also read an original poem entitled "The Old-Time Ship." Those who could do so remained for the evening and the gathering was enlarged by many who were unable to be present in the afternoon. Among the speakers of the evening were the Rev. John B. Duman, a valued and long-time friend of the entire family, and Messrs. John Peckham aged 57 and Joseph Peckham aged 82, brothers of Mr. Peckham. Mrs. Peckham was also called upon and replied in a most acceptable and happy vein. The gathering sang songs including "The Golden Wedding" (an original song) and there was instrumental music followed by the annual prediction for the year 1925 written by the youngest son, Mr. Ruelan Wallace Peckham entitled "The Prophecy."

Light refreshments were served afternoon and evening in the dining room. The dates "1848 and 1908," in silver and blue diamonds, were outlined in apple blossoms, and there was a large green diamond suspended from the corner wall by white ribbons and supporting a white shield which bore portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Peckham. Grouped about this centre in a most artistic arrangement were silver pieces, a total of \$21.50. Dollars represented the children, quarters the grand children, each shining coin for the women showing the head of Columbia, and for each man the Eagle, of the reverse side. "The device made a handsome and substantial ornament and well merited the hearty commendation it received.

Portraits on the wall of those who had gone were garlanded with flowers, while a large collection of photographs on the piano showed that the unavoidably absent ones were being held in remembrance.

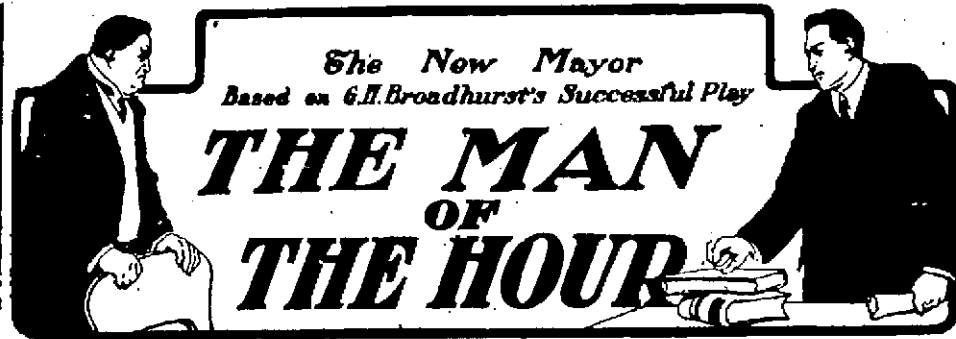
Daily Service between Newport and Block Island.

Commencing Saturday, May 30, the summer schedule of the Steamer New Shoreham will become effective. Steamer will leave Newport on week days at 11.15 a. m. Sundays 11.40 a. m. Due Block Island week days 1.15 p. m. Sundays 1.40 p. m. Returning will leave Block Island on week days and Sundays at 3.30 p. m. Due Newport 5.15 p. m.

The suit of Hilda Oberg of this city against Mrs. P. O. French for damages alleged to have been sustained by the plaintiff by reason of being attacked by dogs belonging to defendant has been on trial in the United States District Court in Providence this week. After the case had been on trial for some time a recess was taken to permit a conference between opposing counsel, at the conclusion of which it was announced that the case had been settled. The amount of the settlement was not announced.

The first excursion of the season arrived last Sunday from Providence when the steamer Pontiac brought down quite a party. The members visited Easton's Beach and rode around the city, but were somewhat disappointed in finding the city still in winter quarters to some extent. Next Sunday if the weather is good it will look more like summer around here.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner S. Perry were called to New York this week on account of the illness of their daughter, Miss Christine Perry, who is a student at the Pratt Institute. Miss Perry is suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever but is doing as well as could be expected.



BY
**ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE**

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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

CHAPTER VIII.

"We found out who their fourteenth man is, your honor," whispered Phelan in high excitement. "It's Roberts—Richard P. Roberts of the Third. He's the alderman that Horrigan's trying to put the Indian sign on. We've got to nail him if we can."

"You're sure it's Roberts?" asked Bennett in the same undertone.

The administration hall was in full swing. Mayor and alderman had gathered to meet for a moment in a big, crowded reception foyer just off the ballroom.

"Am I sure it's Roberts?" echoed Phelan. "Am I sure? Might as well ask me am I sure Chesty Dick Horrigan is crooked. I've got the facts down straight. Then secret service chaps at mine."

"If they get Roberts they will be able to miss the bill."

"They didn't go to get him if Jimmy Phelan's hand don't turn out to be all deuces an' trys. An'—"

"Keep an eye on him and don't let him go away without my knowing it. I must see him tonight and learn positively how he stands in regard to the matter. He has a reputation for being honest. If only—"

"Here's Alwyn, Mrs. Bennett," came Perry Walnwright's voice from the doorway. "In here. Say, your honor, your honorable honor's honored mother has been looking everywhere for you. And now that I've reunited the long lost mayor and his anxious mamma I'll chase off and find my partner for the next waltz. I wish it was Cynthia. Ever dance with Cynthia, Alwyn? Poetry of motion and all that. Like a swan—or a—oh, good evening, alderman. I didn't see you? Are you dancing tonight?"

"Dancing?" repeated Phelan in high disgust. "Do I look it? It's bad enough to be harassed into this open faced suit that feels like I was going to slip through it every minute. Without trying to dance too. At a show of this kind I feel like a pair of yellow shoes at a funeral. So long, your honor. Even, Mrs. Bennett. There's the music starting, son," he added to Perry as he started for the ballroom.

"I heard it," said the lad, "but I'm too wild busy."

"Thought you said you had a partner to look up."

"I have—one of Judge Newman's daughters. Ever see her? I thought that or you wouldn't have wondered why I wasn't in a hurry. Better, late than never."

"Are you having a good time, mother?" Bennett was asking the little old lady as he found a seat for her.

"Yes," she answered. "Aren't you?"

"Of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"The foyer was thinning out as people trooped to the ballroom. For the moment mother and son were alone together."

"You aren't having a good time, Alwyn," she contradicted gently. "You're unhappy about something. Tell me."

"Nonsense!" he denied, with a forced laugh. "I'm—"

"Are you thinking of Dallas, my boy. Is anything wrong between you and her? What has happened?"

"Nothing," he answered sullenly. "But the mother was not content. Her heart ached for the grief her son was trying to hide."

"Something has happened, Alwyn," she declared. "And I want to know what, so that I can help you. You love her. And that day she came back from Europe I felt sure she loved you. What is holding you two apart?"

"Nothing that can be helped."

"But you never go to see her or—"

"How can I? You know my attitude toward her uncle. How can I call on her while she is in his house? I exposed his relations toward the Borough Street railway franchise bill. I am fighting him and his iniquitous bill with every means in my power. Dallas knows—"

"I hadn't thought of that. You poor boy! But surely—"

"And something more. Her money and Perry's are invested in Borough stocks. By beating that bill I seem outwardly to be wilfully wrecking their fortune. I told you the plan I arranged with Perry to avert this, but she doesn't know of that. And—"

"Why don't you tell her, then? Or let me tell her?"

"Because it isn't her gratitude I want. I want her to love me."

"But don't you see in the meantime what a weapon you are putting into Mr. Walnwright's hands? Suppose he tells Dallas of your enemy to him and she knows you are seemingly trying to impoverish her and her brother? He might prejudice her terribly against—"

"I've thought of all that. I must be content to wait. Next Friday the revised Borough bill comes up before the aldermen again for the final fight. When it's settled one way or the other I can go to her and explain. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile she is here tonight with Mr. Walnwright. Have you seen her?"

"Only for a minute."

"Did she treat you with the same friendliness, the same interest, as of old? Don't think I'm inquisitive, dear. I only ask all these questions because I love you."

"I know," he answered, pressing her hand as it lay on his arm. "yet I can hardly answer you, for I hardly know. In her presence I am not at ease because I can't tell her everything, and she seems ill at ease because she knows there's something I don't tell her. Oh, it's a wretched position for us both!"

"Then why don't you clear it up?"

"By going to her and saying: 'Dallas, I am exposing your uncle as a blackguard and am destroying your fortune and Perry's. Will you marry me? These are the facts; but, thank God, it's only till Friday.'"

"After that I can go to her and make it all clear."

Before Mrs. Bennett could reply Perry returned to the ballroom. Cynthia at his side.

"Then why not give me the next one, too?" the lad was pleading. "If one two-step's good, two two-steps are twice as good. Please—"

"But see," expostulated Cynthia, showing him her card. "The next is Mr. Gibbs. I've told you that twice."

"I wish Gibbs all the luck in the world," observed Perry benevolently, as he deposited Cynthia on a fauteuil beside her chaperon, Mrs. Bennett. "I wish him so much good luck that if he'd slip and break both his legs I'd pay for a cab to take him home."

"Look out, please!" begged Cynthia. "He's coming."

"The next is ours, I think, Miss Garrison," said Gibbs, entering from the ballroom with Dallas on his arm. "I hope we'll have better fortune than Miss Walnwright and I. My step does not seem to suit her tonight."

"No, I'm afraid the fault was mine," protested Dallas. "I'm a little tired. I think. May I sit here with you a few minutes, Mrs. Bennett?" she added as Gibbs bore Cynthia away for their dance.

"You don't seem very fond of Mr. Gibbs, Perry," observed Mrs. Bennett, noting young Walnwright's scowl of impotent wrath.

"Not fond enough to make me want to live in the same world with him. Mrs. Bennett, you're too pretty to be just a chaperon. Come and dance this two-step with me. Please do!"

He nodded with vast significance toward Dallas and Bennett, and the little old lady, catching the idea, accepted with alacrity.

"I'm so glad even to get this minute with you," began Alwyn when he and Dallas were alone. "It's so long since—"

"Since you came to see me? Yes, but that is your fault, Alwyn, why haven't you called since I came home?"

"Don't you know why, Dallas?"

"No."

"Are you certain you don't know?"

"I—I don't know absolutely," she faltered. "Oh, there are so many things I don't know absolutely!"

"What is one of them?"

"For one thing, you and I used to be such good friends and—"

"That is past," said Alwyn firmly. "There can be no talk of more friendship between you and me, Dallas. I must be everything or nothing to you. Tonight I can't speak as I want to, but I can in a very few days. Trust me till then. You know I am fighting Mr. Walnwright's interests and—"

"Yes," she replied bitterly. "My uncle gives me no chance to forget that."

"Don't think I'm fighting him for my own amusement. I must oppose him or else give up a fight that I set out to win. And I mean to win it!"

"That's the same old fighting spirit I used to try so hard to awaken in you," said Dallas, a faint note of admiration in her rich voice. "I told you once it always took a blow to arouse you. That blow has evidently been struck."

"It has been struck!" he acquiesced, with a sad ghost of a smile.

She saw the laggard lines about his mouth, the tired look in his eyes, and a lump came into her throat. She leaned forward impulsively, but before she could speak he had unknowingly thrown away the golden moment by continuing:

"I must win this fight even though it affects others besides Mr. Walnwright. Even if—"

"What others do you mean?"

"Oh, I can't explain now. After Friday I can. On Saturday my father comes to see you and tell you everything."

"Why not now?"

"There are obstacles that—"

"Tell me what they are!" she begged.

"I can't. All I can tell you now is that I love you. I love you above all the world, sweetheart, and—"

But fate in the dual guise of Horrigan and Walnwright intervened. The financier and the boss, seeking some quiet spot for a chat, strolled through the foyer, where Horrigan on sight of Bennett halted with a glower of dislike, which he took no pains to conceal.

OBLIGING PEOPLE.

Quaint Methods of the Early Days of New England.

In the early days of the settlement of New England the custom of sending packages by neighbors who journeyed to different parts of the country was an established one. The notebook of Schoolmaster Joseph Hawley of Northampton, Mass., when he started on a trip to Boston was filled with such varied items as: "Captain Partridge, a dial and a dial kettle." "Son Joseph, speckled red ribbon, whistles, buckles and fishhooks." "A shilling worth of plumb and spool." "Two psalters, a bafon and a quart pot." In "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border" Katherine M. Abbott says that it was the same even as late as Judge Lyman's day. His daughter, Mrs. Lesley, writes of it in "Recollections of My Mother."

There were no expressmen then, and so when it was known in the village of Northampton that Judge and Mrs. Lyman were going to Boston—and they always took pains to make it known—a throng of neighbors were coming in the whole evening before not only to take an affectionate leave, but to bring parcels of every size and shape and commissions of every variety.

One came with a dress she wanted to send to a daughter at school; one brought packages of dry goods, with a request that Mrs. Lyman would purchase and bring home dresses for a family of five. And would she go to the orphan asylum and see if a good child of ten could be bound out to another neighbor? Would Mrs. Lyman bring the child back with her?

The neighbors walked into the library, where the packing was going on, and when all the family trunks were filled his father called out heartily, "Here, Hiram, bring down another trunk from the garret, the largest you can find—to hold all these parcels!"

A little boy came timidly in with a bundle nearly as large as himself, and "Would this be too large for Mrs. Lyman to carry to grandmother?"

"No, indeed. Tell your mother I'll carry anything short of a cooking stove."

"Another trunk, Hiram," said my father, "and ask the driver to wait five minutes."

Those were the times when people could wait five minutes for a family so well known and beloved. Our driver had only to whip up his horses a little faster.

WORKED WHILE ASLEEP.

Curious Incident in the Career of Novelist Crockett.

S. R. Crockett, the novelist, told a rather remarkable story of an incident that befell him in his early writing days, before fame and fortune had come to him and while he struggled on for a living. At that time he was obliged to write for very small sums indeed, and among the publications to which he contributed columns and half columns was the St. James' Gazette, a London penny evening newspaper.

One morning the postman brought to Mr. Crockett a letter from the editor of the St. James' Gazette containing a small check as payment for a contribution. Mr. Crockett knew that nothing was due to him, that he had been paid for all his articles, and—remarkable man—he did the check up in an explanatory note and returned it to the editor.

The next day back came the check from the editor—remarkable man—with a note saying it was due. The St. James' Gazette had published an article from the pen of Mr. Crockett which had not been paid for; hence the check. Again Mr. Crockett—remarkable man—returned the check, and still the remarkable editor reforwarded it, this time with the article cut out of the columns of the St. James' Gazette.

Now comes the curious feature of the incident. When Mr. Crockett clapped eyes on the article, he was astonished to find it one of his dreams materialized. One night, going to bed extra tired, he dreamed that a good idea for a St. James' Gazette column had occurred to him; that he then and there sat down, wrote it and posted it. Next morning he remembered his dream and made up his mind some day to write the article exactly as he dreamed he had written it. When, to his astonishment, came article and check from the newspaper. Few writers earn checks while asleep.

A Good Definition.

A foreign journal says that a small boy who had been playing nearly all day with a newly arrived acquaintance of the family, a gentleman who had nearly reached his fiftieth year, said to his father when the gentleman had gone away:

"When will that young man come again?"

"Young man!" exclaimed the father. "He's older than I am! Will you please tell me what a 'young man' means to you?"

"Why, a young man," answered the boy—"a young man is one that has a good time!"

Poor Papa!

"I am not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me in intrusting her to your keeping for life."

"Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you haven't had the same advantages for observing things that I have."

Applicant—What is the first thing to do before you get a marriage license? License Clerk—Think it over, young man; think it over.—Illustrated Bits.

"So Galley really had to pay Miss Yerger fifty thousand dollars for breach of promise?" "Yes, and now he wants to marry her for her money."

Applicant—What is the first thing to do before you get a marriage license? License Clerk—Think it over, young man; think it over.—Illustrated Bits.

The Receiver.

Yes, Dame Fortune is fickle, she's full of wiles. And to most of us proves a deceiver, But she always is true to and constantly smiles On the man who's appointed receiver.

When the bank crashes down like an oak in the wood, He alone of us isn't a grieve, For the fier the wind blew it down, the more good It blows him when appointed receiver.

See how valiant men struggle for power and self, Each a lifetime at work like a beaver, Whereas he at a stroke gathers both for himself When the court kindly names him receiver.

Can he sit on the ruins, in absolute sway In his role of financial retriever, Without fear, without blame, for there's none to say nay To his majesty, Mr. Receiver.

He at leisure each rent in the fabric doth patch, He's like time, or like fate, a slow weaver, For you cannot, you see, stoop to amate or despach If you don't do a good job as receiver.

Let the creditors, help and depositors rave, Let them work themselves into a fever, He's the one man picked out the whole business to save, And he'll do it, the thrifty receiver.

For still louder they'll rave when at length he gives way, Or his last, greatest act the achiever, And his pitance collects of a thousand a day For a shy, modest, shrinking receiver.

Little wonder that each of us, feeling him leave, In the old saw no more's a believer, That it may be more blessed to give than receive, For who'd rather not be a receiver? —Boston News Bureau Poet.

The Way to Discomfit A Rival.

If you have a rival and wish to discomfit him, be low, saw wood, say nothing, keep still, be wise and wait until you are both invited to the same affair. Then—

1. Look at him as though you were strangers and when, seeking to introduce you to each other, your hostess begins: "Oh, Mr. Blank, have you met Mr. —?" answer, "Oh, yes; I believe we have met—in a sort of way, and walk off with a supercilious manner, snuffing the evening air."

2. Whenever he states a fact look as though you frankly disbelieved him, and every time he ventures an opinion regard him as from a psychopathic point of view.

3. Start interesting topics of conversation in odd corners, and when he approaches let a silence fall over the group so that he will think you were all talking about him.

4. At dinner partake of all those dishes which he refuses and wave away all those things of which he eats.

5. Tell a mysterious anecdote about a recent dinner where one of the guests stole four silver spoons. Refrain studiously from mentioning names, but keep your eye upon him.

6. If he tells a story interrupt him just before the climax by holding up your hand and whispering: "Listen! Was that a pistol shot?"

7. Laugh loudly at every opportunity and look at him every time you laugh.

8. If he should chance to use a word of slang, gaze at him with indignation, as though his remark were at least indelicate if not downright offensive.

9. Smile frequently, sorrowfully and sympathetically at the ladies on each side of him.

10. Let him leave before you do, and just before he goes give him a significant look, laced with amusement, so that he will think you are going to talk about him after he has gone.

11. Echo the dark streets, and if you see a figure ahead of you lurking in the shadows turn around and go home another way.—New York Evening Sun.

Come to Think of It.

(From the New Orleans Times Democrat)

"Well, Moses," I said to the colored porter of the warehouse while I was waiting for the colored to appear, "do the present hard times affect you any?"

"Do you mean this financial stringency, sah?" he queried in reply.

"Yes."

"Well, sah, dat's just what I was gwine ober in my mind when you walked in. I reckon dey affect me some but jist how much I can't say."

"I see you have a new hat."

"Yee, sah. Paid a dollar and a half for dah hat."

"And you must have bought a new pair of shoes within a few days?"

"Only last week, sah."

"You haven't gone without bacon and coffee?"

"Not 'tall, sah. I has 'em same as usual."

"And that is rather a good cigar you are smoking?"

"Reglar 10-center. De colonel be can't bear de smell of a bad cigar around de office."

"So, then take it all around, you haven't felt the financial depression?"

"No sah—no, sah. No, I can't say as I bin."

"But, haven't you noticed anything peculiar about poultry, Moses, since hard times set in?"

"Poultry sah—poultry?" he mused a he leaned his broom against a barrel to scratch the back of his head. "Now dat my attenshun am called directly to it, and dat I come to think of it, I answer you, wah, dat all kinda of fat chickens and ducks 'pear to me to be roostin' half a mile higher, and I reckon I do feel de stringency, after all!"

"Do you know," said Cholly, "I never had played a game of golf in my life, and when I asked the old Scotchman what was the first thing for me to do he looked at me just like this and said, 'Hoot, wunt!'"

"Then what did you do?"

"I hooted, of course."—Chicago Tribune.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "I don't blame that dog of yours for tryin' to bite me."

"Why not?"

"Because it shows his intelligence. De last time I came dis way I handed him a piece of pie you gave me."—Washington Star.

"What forced you to become crooked?" asked the magistrate of the prisoner before him.

"Trying to make both ends meet, your honor," was the more or less satisfactory reply.—Cleveland Leader.

Applicant—What is the first thing to do before you get a marriage license? License Clerk—Think it over, young man; think it over.—Illustrated Bits.

"So Galley really had to pay Miss Yerger fifty thousand dollars for breach of promise?" "Yes, and now he wants to marry her for her money."

Here's The Proof.

That James Callonby Really Loved His Wife.

Mrs. Callonby had been pensively silent for nearly half an hour. Her husband, who was occupied with his papers, was beginning, unconsciously, to realize that she had been long absent when she spoke.

She was quite calm about it. There was no tremor in her voice. She spoke deliberately and in accents of conviction.

"James," she said, "you don't love me any more."

Callonby started. "Great Scott! How you scared me!" he exclaimed. "You've been so still I'd forgotten you were in the room. What's that you were saying?"

"I said that you didn't love me," repeated Mrs. Callonby in the same emotional voice.

"My dear," said Callonby, I adore you. I'm simply crazy about you."

"You may make light of it," said his wife, "but I know perfectly well that you don't. I'm not going to make any fuss about it, but I've been thinking seriously, and I'm convinced that whatever love you had for me is dead."

"I'll put the paper right down and talk to you," said Callonby, contritely. "Tell me what you have been doing today. What time did the girl go out? Have they got Miss Braton to promise to teach the kindergarten? Tell me quick."

"My girlish beauty has faded," said Mrs. Callonby, sadly, disregarding her husband's jocular manner.

"Your beauty has got all the others faded," said Callonby. "It's in full bloom and splendor and dispensing its intoxicating sweetness all around. There's not a wilted petal on it. Somebody's been strutting you."

"That's all very well," said Mrs. Callonby. "But as a matter of fact you hardly ever look at me now. You never notice what I have on or whether it's becoming, or anything."

"Nothing that you wear could be unbecoming," said Callonby. "The worst combination of color that was ever brought together would harmonize if you wore it. What would be garish and bad taste on anybody else would become piquantly bizarre on you and no fault in fitting could conceal your grace. Haven't I told you so, often?"

"Yes; if I ask you and pin you down you generally say something foolish," said Mrs. Callonby. "But you aren't really interested. James Callonby, you would notice other women quick enough."

"Never!" declared Callonby, with emphasis. "All other women are to me as shadows. I have eyes only for you."

"And as soon as you come home, you stick your nose into your paper and there's no getting anything out of you for the rest of the evening. I'm not complaining. I suppose it's quite natural and what a woman has to expect; but there was a time when you didn't want to read when you were with me. You really seemed to enjoy my society."

"I should say so!" her husband declared. "But not nearly as much as I enjoy it now. When you sit opposite to me, as you were doing a little while ago, I can't think of anything more delightful. When two people understand each other as we do, speech is unnecessary. Our souls commune, as it were, in silence. I know exactly what you would say if you spoke, even while I am reading my paper. I feel your presence, and it fills me with inexpressible joy and content."

"Especially if I don't talk," said Mrs. Callonby, "your voice is music to my ear. When I'm away from you I miss it more than you would suppose. Honest, Mag!"

"You don't love me, anyway."

"Didn't I confess my love only a few minutes ago? Don't be unreasonable, darling."

"Do you really?"

"Honest to Moses."

"You're just saying it because I ask you," said Mrs. Callonby. "It's got so that I never know whether you're telling me the truth or not."

"I always tell you the truth," Callonby said. "I haven't said a word this evening that wasn't as true as truth itself. Except once," he added. "I told you that you looked well in anything. In a sense that's true, but it did occur to me that your blue evening frock was getting a little tacky the other night. I think that perhaps you'd better get you a new one. But, my dear, please don't be harder on me than you can help."

Mrs. Callonby clasped her hands. "Do you mean it, Jim?" she cried ecstatically. "And a hat to go with it?"

Callonby's face fell a little. "Well, I suppose so," he said.

His wife threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "You're the dearest, kindest, sweetest thing in all the world," she said. "James, I will take everything back that I said."

"Good!" said Callonby. "Now, are you going to let me read my paper?"—Chicago News.

Apple Leaf Lotion for the Hands.

The apple leaf lotion is one of the most famous of the

Established by Franklin in 1785.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, May 30, 1908.

The indications on all sides point to an early improvement in the world of business. There is need of it.

The summer outlook for Newport would be greatly improved with better weather and a little more sun and a little less cold damp weather would be very acceptable.

A London American special quotes J. P. Morgan as saying: "Secretary of War William H. Taft will be the next President of the United States, and the financial troubles in America will soon be over."

The starting up of the B. B. & R. Knight Mills, which are among the largest in the world, gives hopes to many people in Rhode Island that the worst of the hard times is now behind us, and the next wave will be for the better.

Andrew Carnegie says: "There will be a general uplift to business as soon as the election is over. In a general way, the industries of the country have held up well, in a way to show that the swing will be in the direction of complete prosperity when we reach that beneficial period which follows a Presidential contest."

The Aldrich-Vreeland Currency bill passed the Senate yesterday and will now become a law when the President signs it. This bill is probably better than nothing and as the financiers of the country demanded something they will have it in this bill. On the whole the passage of such a measure in the last days of Congress is a victory for Senator Aldrich.

The terrors of the much-abused mother-in-law have apparently been increased by the decision of the Superior court, which holds that she is not amenable to the criminal law for the taking and removal of her son-in-law's property with the assent and in the presence of her daughter. The man who has his wife and his mother-in-law both against him appears to be in a serious predicament.

A New York World Washington special asserts that Gen. Luke E. Wright, of Memphis, Tenn., will succeed Secretary Taft as secretary of war, probably July 1. General Luke is a democrat, served several years as governor general of the Philippines, succeeding Taft, and more recently has been ambassador to Japan. His appointment is regarded as one of the cleverest moves ever made by President Roosevelt, and a powerful bid for democratic support for the republican ticket, and a well-planned attempt to break the "solid South." When the President has lived a little longer he will learn that such a move is not good for more than six votes. This breaking the "solid South" is a thing always anticipated but never realized.

One of the leading financiers of the country says of Secretary Taft: "I have followed for many years Mr. Taft's career—from the time of his appointment as a United States Circuit Judge—and have ever been impressed by the ability and fidelity Mr. Taft brought to the discharge of the many serious duties which high office imposed upon him. I have every conviction that with Mr. Taft in the presidential chair, and that with a rigid insistence for due and proper regard of the law, all classes of our citizens will, with Mr. Taft as President, become readily convinced that every legitimate interest will be safe in the hands of their chief executive."

The Chameleon.

For grand and lofty tumbling and lightning change artist commend us to the editorial writer in the Providence Journal. Here are two editorials clipped from its columns within a week of one another. When the bill in question was finally passed substantially as it came from the Senate, the opinion of the Journal on the question was not known, even if it had any, for it maintained a discreet silence. Here are its previous editorials:

A DANGEROUS AMENDMENT.

The amendment to the banking bill adopted by the House committee on judiciary at the eleventh hour, providing that the bank examiner shall be elected in grand committee and not appointed by the Governor with the advice and consent of the Senate, may be regarded from more than one point of view. On its face it is a piece of petty politics.

If the House should adopt the amendment, the Senate could hardly do so with due regard to its own dignity; the matter would come up for conference; and if neither side yielded, then there would be no bank examiner to appoint and no banking legislation whatever.

Whether the amendment is justifiable in itself is not the question. Whether the candidate elected in grand committee would be satisfactory is not the point at issue. Assuming the affirmative in both cases, the fact remains that the action of the House committee constitutes in effect a distinct repudiation of a definite agreement. With a laudable desire to reach the question of a Bank Commissioner out of politics an understanding was reached between the Governor and Senators Sanborn and Gardner, the two party

leaders in the Senate, that one of two men would be named by the Lieutenant Governor in the absence of the Governor, and that the one so named would be confirmed by the Senate. Either of the two is said to be qualified to fill the position, and there was no hint that either was unsatisfactory to Republicans or Democrats. If ever there was an agreement which it was a matter of honor to keep, this was one. Yet the amendment adopted by the House committee on judiciary repudiates it.

However difficult it may be to believe that the banking bill will be allowed to fall by reason of a difference of opinion between the House and the Senate over the method of electing the bank examiner, it is obvious that a situation has been created likely to develop friction. It is no argument to say that the House was no party to an agreement between the Senate and the Governor. That was an inter-party agreement, so to say, made in good faith; and neither the Lieutenant Governor nor Senator Sanborn can be expected to submit tamely to a piece of political strategy which puts them in the position of breaking faith. The amendment is for this reason, if for no other, untimely.

Here you have Editorial No. 2:

THE POWER OF APPOINTMENT.

The debate and roll call on the judiciary committee's amendment to the bank act, to place the appointment of the Bank Commissioner in the Grand Committee, taking it from the Senate, revealed a disposition among the Democratic and Independent members of the House to support any reasonable proposal for a change in the present intolerable arrangement under the general law. It is probably too much to expect that the favor of the Republican side of the chamber will, at any early date, be secured in behalf of the exercise of the power of appointment by the Executive, subject only to advice and consent.

The point of view declared by Representative Waterman, that it were better the much needed banking legislation should fall than that the Senate should permanently be permitted to control the appointment of its administrator, though it is extreme in this instance, undoubtedly reflects a widespread public sentiment as the expression of a principle. If the transference of the appointing power to the Grand Committee repudiates—equally with the arrangement now existing—what is properly esteemed a right and privilege of the executive branch of Government, it is to be said in its favor that it also repudiates an anomalous imposition; a practice in defiance alike of any accepted, or acceptable, theory of Government and of political honesty. The notorious provision by which the Senate fleeces the appointing power makes a false pretense in that it affects to consider the Governor at all. It is a palpable fraud and an impertinence.

A Reminder of War Times.

In looking over some old letters a few days since the editor of this paper came across the following which tells its own story and on this memorial day it is a forcible reminder of the days which tried men's souls:

I received your letter the day before we got to Gettysburg. I did not have time to read it the day that I got it so I read it on the battlefield of Gettysburg. We were in the thickest of it. We lost seven men, two killed, five wounded. It was a desperate fight. It was the heaviest cannonading that we ever had. The air was alive with shells and it was one continual roar for more than an hour and a half; then the rebel infantry advanced under cover of their artillery and made a charge on some batteries belong to our corps. We let them come on till they got up within a few rods when our whole corps rose up from behind a stone wall and poured volley after volley into them, till they raised their hands for quarter; then we ceased firing and took them prisoners. We killed, wounded and took prisoners most all that came out on the charge. It was a perfect slaughter. I never saw so many killed in so short a time since I have been a soldier. Our corps lost most five thousand men. I thought there was a poor chance for me but I came out all right without a scratch. We have had some hard marching and the troops are all worn out and foot sore. We have marched four hundred and twenty-five miles since the thirteenth of June. Please let me know how the folks take the drafts where you are. Tell the folks in E—that if Bill Seavey gets out of this scrape all safe he will make his appearance that way some fine morning.

We have to carry our bed, board and lodging on our backs, sleep on the ground with the heavens for a roof. We have just drawn our rations for three days, which consists of pork, hard bread, beef dried and coffee. I cannot stop to write more now for the mail is going out.

Your friend,
W. H. S.**Memorial Day.**

Forty-seven years ago the greatest civil conflict the world has ever known began, and forty-three years ago it ended. Millions of people were involved in this terrible contest and thousands of lives were sacrificed. But the end was glorious. In the language of the immortal Lincoln it proved that a government of the people and for the people could live. To-day the small remainder of that noble army that so successfully fought for union and liberty, all over the country, march in procession to do honor to their fallen comrades. Memorial Day has come to be in many respects the greatest of our national holidays. It is fitting and proper that this day should be observed not only as a memorial to the dead, but as a tribute of honor to the living. In Newport the procession will be an imposing one, the Army and Navy uniting with the local forces to swell the ranks of those who escort the veterans to the church where the memorial services are held and also to the cemetery where the graves of their departed comrades are decorated with flags and flowers.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Browne, but mother does not allow me to accept inexpensive presents from gentlemen."—Life.

Son—Father, what's a musk critic?
Father—He's a fellow that all musk seems to irritate.—Judge.

General Assembly Doings.

The General Assembly ended its long and busy January session for 1908 at a late hour Tuesday night, with a record of important business transacted surpassing that of any previous session for many years. Among the measures of far reaching importance which became laws this session are: the Banking act, by which a thorough supervision is to be maintained over all savings banks and trust companies, and the class of investments allowed is much restricted. This act has consumed much time and thought on the part of the committees which had it in charge and, as it was finally passed, is probably an near filling the bill as it is possible to make any law. The next measure of great importance is the law taxing and regulating automobiles. This law underwent much discussion and many amendments in its long and tedious passage through the two houses, but as it finally came out it would appear to be a very good law. The State will derive a large revenue from the taxes, and the madding of the machines will be restricted so that the danger from carelessness will be much lessened. Another important measure is the temperance law, so called, by which the number of licenses to sell intoxicating liquors is restricted to one in 500 people, the price of licenses is increased and other restrictions are put on the traffic which make it a very much more stringent law than that heretofore on the statute books. A pure food law has also been passed and a commission appointed to see that only pure food is offered for sale. These are a few of the many important bills that became laws in the closing days of the session. The members served seventeen days without pay and attended to their work faithfully to the close.

Many measures were passed and many appropriations were made which interested Newport. Among those which were finished the last day of the session was an appropriation of \$1,000.00 to repair the State Armory, with Senator Sanborn, Representatives Hassard and Burdick a committee to attend to the repairs; and an appropriation of \$1,500.00 to aid the Artillery Company in buying new uniforms. The Governor appointed John E. Croft, formerly of this city, one of the commissioners on the pure food law.

Another act passed the last day was a bill making May 4th in each year a semi-holiday to be known as Rhode Island Independence Day. On this day in 1778 the Rhode Island General Assembly declared the State free of Great Britain. This was two months before the declaration was signed on July 4th, and it is fitting and proper that this day shall be observed in this State. It is not by the act made a legal holiday, but it is a day to be observed in the schools, and also by the firing of salutes, etc.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., May 30, 1908.
Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 26 to 30, warm wave 25 to 29, cool wave 28 to June 1. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 30, cross Pacific slope by close of 31, great central valleys June 1 to 3, eastern states 4. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 30, great central valleys June 1, eastern states 3. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6.

This disturbance will bring a great hot wave and the warmest period of the month. It will spread alarm in many sections on account of severe drought and hot winds but in most these will be relieved by showers or excessive rains. The drought scars will be west of the Mississippi southward from and including Missouri. Some parts of the corn section of that country will be seriously damaged by hot winds and drought.

This disturbance will bring dangerous storms to a few localities during the first week of June. I will not try to locate these severe storms but having advised my readers of the true, they should be alert.

General trend of temperatures on Meridian 90 will be downward from about June 4 to 18 and rains will increase in most parts of the continent. From 16 to end of month rains will decrease and temperatures go gradually upward. Severe and dangerous storms may be expected during the weeks centering on 15 and 28.

Temperatures of June will average below normal within 400 miles of a line drawn from Burlington, Iowa, to Washington, D. C. Outward from that cooler temperatures will increase from about 10 to above normal.

Rainfall of June will generally be above normal east of Meridian 90 except that it will be below in Florida and in New England States. Rainfall in western Canada will be about normal. Dry to middle southwest.

Death of Dr. Patterson.

Rev. George Herbert Patterson, LL. D., for several years the rector in charge of St. Mary's church, Portsmouth, and well known in this city, died at his home in Roxbury, Mass., on Thursday of this week in the 77th year of his age.

For several years, Dr. Patterson was Secretary of the Newport Convocation, of which he was a prominent member. He was a former President of De Veaux College, Niagara Falls, N. Y., and was once Head Master of St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

Rev. Dr. Patterson was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Arthur Cleveland Vose of western New York in 1870. After his ordination he was chaplain of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., and assistant rector of St. Martin's Church, Philadelphia.

"Yes," said Mrs. Newzick. "I treat my domestics as equals."
"And don't they resent it?" queried Mrs. Oldgold.—Chicago Daily News.

Washington Matters.

Sixtieth Congress has Accomplished Considerable during the Session—Effort to Secure Some Form of Currency Legislation—Campaign Publicity Bill Passed—Notes

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., May 23, 1908.

As the first session of the sixtieth Congress draws to a close the record of legislation is being anxiously scanned by those who will have to defend the Congress against partisan attacks in the coming campaign, and the most cursory examination reveals an amount of legislation far in excess of popular expectation, and including many laws calculated to reflect the utmost credit on the Republican party. Many important measures have failed, it is true, and to the cursory observer it might seem that those most needed have failed of enactment, but reflection will demonstrate that it is the measures which encounter opposition and excite controversy which are most in the public mind, as they are most prominent in public prints, while the numerous wise and carefully framed laws which the Republican majorities have enacted without much publicity may prove of even more importance to the country than certain mooted questions.

During the past week the House has made a desperate effort to agree upon some form of anti-injunction legislation which would be satisfactory to a majority of the members and the same time satisfy the demands of the labor leaders, but without success. Two long conferences of the Republican members were held and the whole subject carefully considered, but it was found that nothing which the legal authorities in the party could sanction would satisfy the demands of labor, as voiced by the leaders of labor organizations, while the whole subject proved so complicated and involved that the effort had to be abandoned.

With adjournment momentarily pending, the President and the House leaders are making a strenuous effort to secure some form of financial legislation. The two houses have been in a deadlock on this subject, the Senate willing only to make such extension of bond secured currency as would guard against an emergency, while the House was determined to embark on a new scheme of credit currency. It was finally determined to do nothing further, but to permit the financial bills of the two houses to remain in status quo until the next session. Then the President sent for Speaker Cannon and urged that a final effort to secure legislation be made. He pointed out that the party could not but suffer if no provision were made against a recurrence of the financial straggle of last fall, and that without such provision such recurrence was almost certain. Did it occur again this year it would be on the eve of the presidential election and might work serious injury to the party.

Spurred by the advice of the President, who is regarded as the ablest politician in the party, the House leaders are trying to frame some sort of compromise which they can present to the Senate conference and under these circumstances it is impossible to say when Congress will adjourn, although adjournment is possible at almost any moment. All the big supply bills have passed and only final agreements on measures in conference remain to be reached.

The House has passed a campaign publicity bill, providing that every political organization must keep accurate record of all receipts, contributions and disbursements and at a given time must make them public, and providing further that the Director of the Census shall prepare for the use of Congress a record of the inhabitants of voting age, in every Congress district and a record of the votes cast in each district at the last election, so that Congress may read just the representation in the House with the actual number of voters. This means, of course, that the Republicans desire to cut down the southern representation, for in the southern states the negroes are so largely disfranchised that there are instances of members of Congress being elected with a total of 2,000 votes as against 29,000 votes cast for some members elected in the North. The Democrats, who have been clamoring vociferously for campaign publicity throughout the session, with two exceptions voted against the bill in the House and in the Senate, where there is no limit to debate, they threaten to talk it to death if it is taken up on the floor.

The contest between candidates for the vice presidency goes merrily on. Thus far there are only two in the field, one being George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, the other Vice President Fairbanks, whose friends are energetically seeking to pledge delegates to his support. Of course speaking for publication the Fairbanks managers say that they have not given up their fight to secure his nomination for first place, but this is purely for public consumption and behind the screen of their presidential fight they are making a strenuous effort to secure his nomination for second place, with some promise of success.

A Regrettable Suit.

The Wall Street Journal says: The most sensational, as well as the most unfavorable, development of last week was the beginning of a suit by the United States government, under the Sherman anti-trust law, to prevent the New York, New Haven & Hartford from exercising control over the Boston & Maine R. R., of which it owns a large stock interest. This action is unfortunate, first, because the Boston & Maine is not in any important degree a competitor of the New Haven road; second, because the joint control of the two systems would greatly strengthen the commercial importance of New England and the port of Boston, and would really promote rather than restrain trade; third, because the Sherman anti-trust law, as it stands, is a thoroughly discredited enactment, and fourth, because this law cannot be universally applied; and is, as a matter of fact, enforced without that impartiality which is essential if justice and order are to prevail.

The police have been very active of late in breaking up unlicensed places for the sale of liquor. On the past two Sundays raids have been made by the "liquor squad" and considerable liquor has been seized.

Killed in Baseball Game.

Robert W. Pierce, 15, catcher for the North Kingstown, R. I., high school baseball team, was hit over the heart by a foul tip and died before medical aid could reach him. Death was due to paralysis of the heart, caused by the blow.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

William H. Parritt and John H. Parritt, for twenty years in business at Holyoke, Mass., under the name of the Parritt Art and Decorating company, have made an assignment. The liabilities are \$35,000.

Frank D. Rowe and Theodore S. Rowe, doing business under the firm name of Rowe & Co., jewelers, Great Barrington, Mass., have filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. The liabilities are given as \$13,659.

Edward A. Samuels, widely known as an ornithologist, died at Fitchburg, Mass. For twenty-one years Samuels was assistant state ornithologist of Massachusetts. He was 72 years old.

At a mass meeting of the undergraduates of Harvard university the plan of having a students' council for the control of athletes and other students who take part in competitions was unanimously adopted.

Rev. George H. Patterson, LL. D., formerly a well known Episcopal clergyman, died at his home at Boston, aged 77. He was formerly president of De Veaux college, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dangerous Testing of Cows.

"The testing of cows to Brighton is one of the direct ways of spreading disease," said Ernest T. Lihbey, speaking as retiring president before the New England Live Stock association at the annual meeting at Boston. "The idea of using the same thermometer over and over again in taking temperatures without cleaning it, first on an old sick cow and next on a fancy new milk cow," he said, "is enough to condemn the test as it is now applied at Brighton."

Charles J. Barrett, aged 51, director of the national organization of the United Hatters of North America, died at Danbury, Conn. He was stricken with apoplexy while at work in his garden.

The Martian Sky.

The clearness of the Martian sky comes in to shed the greater transmission of its air. From dawn till dusk day after day in the summer season and largely in winter the sun shines out of a heaven impervious of cloud. No shield of the sort and only a little screen of air tempests its beams to the soil held up by it. Such an exposure far exceeds anything we have on earth, for with us, even in the tropics, clouds gather as soon as the heating grows excessive and cool the air by plumps of rain.—Petrolat Lowell in Century.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MAY 1908.		STANDARD TIME.	
	Sun. Moon.	Sun. Moon.	High Water.
30 Sat.	4 32 7 23	8 31 7 38	7 45
31 Sun.	4 32 7 23	8 31 7 38	8 00
1 Mon.	4 31 7 24	8 30 7 39	8 15
2 Tues.	4 31 7 25	8 29 7 40	8 30
3 Wed.	4 30 7 26	8 28 7 41	8 45
4 Thurs.	4 30 7 27	8 27 7 42	9 00
5 Fri.	4 29 7 27	8 26 7 43	9 15

First Quarter, 6th day, 11:55 a.m., evening.
Full Moon, 14th day, 3:15 a.m., morning.
Last Quarter, 23rd day, 10:25 a.m., morning.
New Moon, 31st day, 11:31 a.m., morning.

Two Real Estate Opportunities.**SMALL COTTAGE.**

FOR SALE IN FIFTH WARD.
This is an excellent cottage, containing Parlor, Dining-room, Kitchen and Pantry, 3 Bedrooms, Bath, etc. Hot water heater, set in place. \$3,500. A most desirable home for a gardener or a valet having work in the southern part of the island.

Farm of 12 Acres For Sale.

This farm is on the West Main Road in Portsmouth. It contains a good 8-room cottage, barn and outbuildings. Remarkably cheap, \$5,000.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Telephone 324.

Deaths.

In this city, 25th inst., at his residence, 111 Thames street, James M. Mead, aged 70 years.

In this city, 27th inst., at his residence, 19 Pope street, John Murray.

Entered into rest, May 27th, 1908, after a long illness, Georgiana Bulkeley Nichols, daughter of the late Charles and Elizabeth Bulkeley, aged 70 years.

In this city, 27th inst., Hannah S., wife of Daniel Wetmore, in her 93rd year.

In East Greenwich, 25th inst., Amy C., daughter of Amy C. and the late Harvey P. Robinson, in her 24th year.

On May 26th, Leah H., daughter of James G. and Elizabeth H. Robinson, of Brookline, N. Y., aged 10 years.

In Weymouth, 27th inst., Robert Wayland, son of Thomas W. and Harriet A. Pierce, in his 16th year.

In Jamestown, 27th inst., Carrie Reynolds, daughter of the late James and Elizabeth W. Atkinson.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of *W. D. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR GALLBLADDER. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHES.

THAW STILL INSANE**Court Says White's Slayer Must****Remain in Asylum****BEST FOR PUBLIC INTERESTS****Thaw Backs at Returning to Mat-****teawan and May Make No Appeal****From Decision If Allowed to Go to****One of the Other State Hospitals**

Supreme Court Justice Morschauser has decided that Harry K. Thaw is still insane. He finds that "confinement will best serve the public interests." Apparently, Thaw has become resigned to the failure of his plea.

Pending the signing of the papers of recommitment, which probably will not be done before a week from next Saturday, Thaw will occupy Stoughton Chamber's suite in the county building here, in the meantime an effort will be made by Thaw's attorneys to induce District Attorney Jerome to consent to the commitment of the prisoner to one of the state hospitals other than Matteawan.

It is said that in event of Jerome giving his consent to such a change an appeal will be taken from Morschauser's decision. Even if an appeal were taken it could not be argued before the court, so there appears to be no doubt that Thaw will continue under strict restraint during the summer at least.

Both points brought up by Thaw's attorneys are decided against him. The justice declares that Thaw is now insane and should not be allowed as large; and he further declares that the commitment to the lunatic asylum by Justice Dowling after the last trial of the case was entirely legal.

Thaw's lawyers will next apply to the court for permission to place Thaw in some other institution than the Matteawan asylum, and, by stipulation with the district attorney, the prisoner will be kept in jail until Morschauser renders a decision. The justice is holding court at White Plains this week and will not be able to hear the application before next week.

In his finding, Judge Morschauser says: "I am satisfied from the evidence adduced before me that the mental condition of Harry K. Thaw has not changed, and I find he is not sane, and it is so manifest as to make it unsafe for him to be at large."

"Thaw had the opportunity in the trial to introduce evidence of his mental condition at that time, which he did not do."

"Bearing in mind that the usual punishment for the act which led up to the detention of said Thaw is death, a long term of imprisonment, and that said Thaw escaped the consequences of such act solely by reason of his existing mental condition, I do not deem it proper to allow Thaw his freedom, suffering as he is from some form of insanity, with the possible recurrence of an attack similar to that which the jury believed he was suffering with when he killed Stanford White."

"In view of the existing mental condition of Thaw, the safety of the public is better insured by his remaining in custody and under observation until he has recovered, or until such time as it shall be reasonably certain that there is no danger of a recurring attack of the delusion, or whatever it may be."

Evelyn Thaw Withdraws Suit

Evelyn N. Thaw, through her counsel, has withdrawn the suit which she instituted for the annulment of her marriage to Harry K. Thaw. The motion for withdrawal was sanctioned by Referee Deyo and the case was declared discontinued, without costs to either party to the suit.

Mr. O'Reilly was quoted as saying that there had been no reconciliation between Harry K. Thaw and his wife and that Mrs. Evelyn Thaw wanted none. He added that Mrs. Evelyn Thaw thought she had a right to some financial recompense for the sacrifice she had made in Thaw's behalf. O'Reilly said that some step of that kind might be taken, but he would not indicate what form the movement would take.

Two New Rear Admirals

Washington, May 29.—President Roosevelt signed and the navy department forwarded to Captains Richard Walnwright and Seaton Schroeder of the Atlantic fleet commissions as acting rear admirals. This will give them rank in consonance with their present duty, permit them to wear the uniform and fly the flag of a rear admiral. Both officers will reach the actual grade of rear admiral on July 11.

Women Buying Railroad Shares

Philadelphia, May 29.—Checks for the regular semi-annual dividend of the Pennsylvania Railroad company were mailed yesterday to 62,415 share holders, the greatest number in the company's history. The checks amounted in value to \$9,477,532, 1/3 being a dividend of 3 percent. Of exceptional interest is the increase in the number of women shareholders to 27,707.

Reds Kill a Russian Spy

Geneva police authorities are investigating what appears to be the execution by the Russian revolution committee of a man named Naldoff, thought to have been a Russian government spy. Naldoff was shot to death by a complot whose description is known. He is still in the hands of a search of all Russian revolution centres in Switzerland has been directed.

Schooner Out in Two

Steamer Governor Dingley, 184 Portland, Me., for Boston, collided with and cut in two the little schooner Mary Clifford eight miles to the eastward of Thatcher's Island. The schooner's crew of two men were rescued by a boat sent out from the steamer. The Clifford was in ballast, bound for Boston to Portland for cargo.

MONITOR IS SHELLED

Florida Withstood Heavy Gun
Fire From the Arkansas

WAS NOT VITALLY INJURED

Important Lessons Learned From
Real War Demonstration—Victory
For Turret Construction and New
Woven Pipe Military Mast

The biggest navy gun, the heaviest projectile and the highest explosive known, combined with close range and deadly aim, were allowed to work their full force on the turret plate of the monitor Florida. The result is declared to be a victory for turret construction.

It was not five minutes after the terrible impact that the finely balanced mechanism of the turret was being worked with perfect ease and the 12-inch gun on the left side was trained at will. Inside the turret the havoc was much less apparent than from the outside. Examination showed that of the many delicately adjusted instruments for fire control, sighting and operating the turret, few, if any, were out of working order.

Then followed a futile attempt to destroy the newly designed fighting mast erected on the stern of the Florida. After five shots from the Arkansas' guns had gone ripping through it, the mast still stood firm.

"Forty shots would not bring it down and no enemy would waste ammunition and time shooting at it," was the expert comment.

The scene of the real war demonstration was Hampton Roads. The Florida lay with her nose pointed out through the Virginia capes about four miles from Old Point Comfort. She had steam up and a large American flag floated astern. Most striking in her appearance was the "leaning tower" on her stern, the woven pipe military mast resembling a huge waste-paper basket. One top of its 125 feet of height was a broad platform, where two dummy sailors fashioned from boards stood bravely, looking down on two more dummies of the same pattern on the turret forward. One of the two big guns which protrude from this turret had been removed and a "cripple" gun occupied its place.

Just 342 yards on the inside of the Florida lay her sister ship, the Arkansas. The distance looked cruelly close as the big guns on the latter ship prepared to take unerring aim.

The turret of the Florida was slowly swung around so that her guns and those of the Arkansas looked squarely at each other. More than an hour of gun training followed. Then the "big noise" came, two crashes so close together that it sounded like one. The 12-inch projectile had hit its target. What was left was a big, black wound. Just to the right of the right hand gun there was what looked like a hole. The officers went to the Florida at once, but before they got there her crew had come up from the hold and were looking over the damage.

The plate had been broken through from the gun port to the edge just above and just below where the shell struck. The broken piece had been driven into the turret several inches, but not through the plate, so that no hole was actually made. The detonation was somewhat imperfect, as was evidenced by the quantity of sulphur-like powder which covered the break and mast. This failure to realize the full strength of the powder is regarded as inflicting the only uncertain element into the test.

Officers entered the turret at once and its mechanism was operated, the turret being swung completely around each way, and the left hand gun trained. The right gun, the "crippled gun" in place of the regular one which had been removed for the test, of course could not be trained.

But the turret bore the evidences of a fight. The paint along the seams had disappeared, many of the seams were sprung, bolts were loosened and silvers lay around. A board dummy inside was intact, and the opinion of officers was that, even with the terrible impact, the gunners in the turret would not have been injured.

The first shot at the fighting mast was fired from one of the 4-inch guns of the Arkansas, and, besides piercing an iron plate target at its base, cut one of the supporting pipes and injured others. The second shot from the gun cut two tubes a little higher up on the other side of the mast. The third shot missed, and then a four-inch explosive shell, exploding high up near the top of the mast, shook the structure and tore asunder a number of the tubes; but the mast seemed as stable as ever. The fifth and last was a solid shot from the big 12-inch gun, aimed so as to hit the mast on its outer rim on the side leaning towards the water, the structure having purposely been tilted at an angle of ten degrees to make it easier still. This terrific shot tore holes through many of the supporting tubes, but the mast still stood firm.

Exercise For Cavalry Troops

The commanding officer of Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., has received orders from the war department to march on May 27 with seven troops of cavalry and to proceed to Fells Plains, N. Y., to take part there in the national army maneuvers. The march overland will begin May 27 and Fells Plains will be reached on June 12.

Jailbreakers Robbed Sheriff

Steuvenville, O., May 29.—With a leader but 20 years old, who overpowered Sheriff Forbes, seven prisoners escaped from the county jail here and have not been captured. When Forbes entered the corridor to lock the cells for the night he was knocked down and his keys were taken from him. The prisoners also took \$100 from the sheriff's pockets.

BOSTON TRAWLER SUNK

Eighteen Men Drowned When
Steamer Crashed Into Her

Fishing schooner Fame of Boston was run down and sunk at 9 o'clock Tuesday night while cruising off Cashier Bank by the steamer Boston of the Dominion Atlantic Railway steamship line, in command of Captain McKenzie.

The Fame left Boston with twenty-three men, two of whom were saved from the wreck. One other had been landed, and two were away in a dory at the time of the disaster. This would make the total loss of life eighteen. The others, including Captain Fahey, went down with the schooner.

The accident happened in a thick fog which shut out the schooner from view of the steamer's watch. Those in the Boston's pilothouse and the watch forward did not see the schooner until within 200 feet. The steamer's engines were reversed, but could not stop her headway.

The sharp prow of the steamer sliced the stern off the Fame and she sank in three minutes. The Fame was struck aft of the main rigging. The Boston was stopped and a boat immediately lowered, but owing to an accident to the falls it capsized. Two more, however, were sent off, and after rowing back a short distance one of the men of the schooner, Pitts, the cook, was found floating about, supported by a life belt. Clark, the other survivor, was swimming in the wreckage and was hauled on board the lifeboat in an exhausted condition. There was no trace of the others.

Mrs. Vanderbilt Gets Divorce

Mrs. Ellen F. Vanderbilt was granted an absolute divorce from Alfred G. Vanderbilt in the New York supreme court on the report of David McClure, the referee who was appointed to take testimony and determine the findings in the suit instituted by Mrs. Vanderbilt. O'Gorman confirmed the report of the referee that Vanderbilt was guilty of misconduct. The custody of William H. Vanderbilt, the only child of the marriage, was awarded to Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Murat Wounds Two in Duel

Two duels were fought at St. Petersburg Tuesday between Prince Napoleon Murat, now captain in the Chevalier guards, a crack Russian regiment, and two brothers named Plon, well known in St. Petersburg exclusive social circles. Murat's quarrel was with both brothers, and he elected to fight them in succession. He wounded both opponents, one of them seriously, but escaped unscathed himself.

Student's Body Found in River

The body of Reginald S. James was found in the Charles river, at Cambridge, Mass., by a draytender. No marks to indicate foul play were found on the body, and every indication points to suicide. James was a medical student at Harvard university, in his fourth year. He was 29 years of age. He had become despondent over excessive study, and it is known that for several weeks past he had been under a physician's care for nervous trouble.

Inclined to Resist Russia

A dispatch from Teheran, referring to the Russian ultimatum which has just been extended and which demands the payment of an indemnity for the depredations of Persian bandits, says that the Persian parliament is unanimous in its opposition to Russia. Excitement at Teheran is intense, and there probably will be a rupture in the relations between the two countries.

Swamp Blocks American Car

A telegram from Nikolai, Russia, says that the American car in the New York-to-Paris automobile race, after covering about fifteen miles of the road from that city under the greatest of difficulties, was confronted by an impassable swamp and forced to return to the nearest village. The German car is proceeding over the sleepers of the trans-Siberian railroad.

Paddle Brought Up Man's Body

While Ernest H. Cates was canoeing on Flax pond, Lynn, Mass., his paddle brought to the surface the body of Edward H. Richards, a master, 40 years old, of Lynn, who had been missing since May 12. Richards' wife died about a year ago, leaving him with four children, and he had been low-spirited since her death.

Leaves Seminary Presidency

Rev. N. E. Woods, D. D., president of Newton (Mass.) Theological seminary, a leading Baptist institution, has resigned his office. The board of trustees accepted the resignation and a committee was appointed to select a successor. The reason for the resignation was not stated.

Prohibition in Tarheel State

North Carolina was carried for state prohibition by a majority estimated at 42,000. The Prohibition ticket carried 78 out of the 98 counties by majorities approximating 48,500. The anti-Prohibition ticket has 20 counties by majorities approximating 5800.

Baby Killed Within Parents' Sight

In view of her father and mother, who were too far away to save her, however, Bertha Herold, 2 years old, was struck and instantly killed by a train. The child had wandered a few hundred feet from her home to the railroad tracks at Westerly, R. I.

Policeman Sent to Prison

Former Police Officer George H. Brown of Portland, Me., was sentenced to five years in the state prison by Judge Turner on the charge of larceny. Brown confessed to fifteen breaks while an officer on duty on the beat about the city building.

Railroad Files \$300,000 Mortgage

Burlington, Ia., May 29.—The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad company filed a \$300,000 mortgage here, covering all its property. The mortgagees are the Central Trust company of New York and Oliver M. Spencer. The purposes of the mortgage are refunding of existing indebtedness, acquisition of other property and financing improvements.

CRACK CANINES SHOT

Noted Country Club's Pack of
Fifty-Two Sacrificed

RABIES MADE APPEARANCE

Draghounds Tied to a Post One by
One and Bullet Sent Through Brain

as Friend Attracted Their Attention
—Kennel Keepers Grieved

Hamilton, Mass., May 29.—Never before in the history of country clubs was such a scene enacted as occurred here at the exclusive Myopia Hunt club. The entire pack of drag hounds, suspected of hydrophobia, was shot and killed by Dr. Reardon, the club's veterinarian, after the kennel keepers had tied the scene.

One by one the beautiful dogs were tied to a post. One of the boys whom the dogs knew was stationed in front of the animal. As the boy called to the dog and the animal looked up in response, Reardon sent a bullet crashing through his skull.

The dreaded hydrophobia appeared among the dogs on Wednesday of last week, when two or three of the pack were seen to be listless and partly paralyzed. Many showed a disposition to slink away to hide. Then one by one they began to die.

Dr. Reardon was called to examine the dogs and at once concluded that an attack of rabies had broken out. The body of one of the dogs that died was sent to Boston for examination by Dr. Frothingham, the government expert.

Upon examination of the spinal column, Frothingham reported a decided case of rabies. A hurried consultation was called of the executive committee of the club when the precarious condition of the kennel in such close proximity to the stables was made apparent.

Immediate action was decided upon and, at the advice of Reardon, President Bush ordered that the entire pack be sacrificed in an effort to exterminate the dread disease.

The pack was one of the finest in New England and has been shown many times. It was noted as one of the finest "drags" having been perfected under the direction of George Mandell, the master of the hounds, who at present is in Europe.

The entire pack, consisting of fifty-two dogs, averaging about three years old, was shot and their bodies cremated. The kennels will be thoroughly disinfected and everything that came in contact with the dogs will be burnt before introducing any new dogs to the kennels.

At present there is not a dog on the grounds. Even the pet fox terriers of Joe Barrow, the assistant kennel keeper, were killed to eliminate the spread of the disease.

Dr. Reardon said it was the first time in the history of clubs in this country that he knew of where rabies had broken out among the dogs, necessitating the killing of the entire pack. Just how the dogs at the Myopia Hunt club became infected with the disease is not known.

The Myopia club is the oldest of its kind in New England. It has existed since 1882. The fox is seldom pursued by the Myopia men, for the reason that the country near is scarcely suitable for the purpose.

The pack killed were English fox hounds, which had been trained to drag. Their killing had so much effect on the kennel keepers that none of them witnessed the killing.

Death of Confederate Commander

Vicksburg, Miss., May 29.—General Stephen D. Lee, commander of the United Confederate Veterans and a dashing officer in the Southern army during the Civil war, died here. He was born Sept. 22, 1833, at Charleston, and was graduated from West Point in 1854. He resigned from the army in 1861, to cast his fortunes with his state.

Strike of Twelve Thousand Men

St. Louis, May 29.—The threatened strike of carmen on the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain railroads has begun. Twelve thousand men walked out. The strikers give as the cause of their action the breaking by the company of an agreement substituting the piece-work system for the hourly wage.

Fine of \$578,094 and Jail Term

Salem, Or., May 29.—Judge Burnett, in the circuit court, sentenced J. T. Ross, the Portland banker, to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$578,094. Ross was convicted of wrongful conversion of state school funds in his capacity as president of the Title Guaranty and Trust company.

Norment Instead of Loeb

Washington, May 29.—Clarence F. Norment was elected president of the Washington Railway and Electric company, to be effective June 1 next. This is the position to which it was expected a few months ago William Loeb, Jr., secretary to the president, would be elected.

Law Calls For Big Bad Shoots

Guthrie, Okla., May 29.—Governor Haskell has signed the hotel inspection bill, commonly known as the nine-foot sheet bill, because of the provision that the upper sheet on all hotel beds must be long enough to turn back two and a half feet over the other covers.

Amalgamation of Baptists

North Seltmate, P. I., May 29.—At the final session of the annual convention of the Free Baptist churches of Rhode Island the proposal to unite with the Baptists was approved by a vote of 47 to 5. The vote approves the project for the union of the two denominations in this country.

CONVICTED OF CONSPIRACY

Fine of \$10,000 Will Be Imposed
Upon a Maine Publisher

Portland, Me., May 29.—A fine of \$10,000, the maximum amount, will be imposed upon George F. Terry, the proprietor of the Waterville mail order publishing house, who was convicted on two counts for conspiracy to defraud the government of postage, according to an announcement by Judge Hale in the United States district court. This case has been of interest throughout the country, as it was the first to be prosecuted under the new ruling of the postoffice department.

The announcement was made at the conclusion of evidence and arguments for mercy on the ground that if Terry should be sent to jail it would result in total blindness and possibly cost him his life. Judge Hale stated that it was not the purpose of the law to deprive a man of his life or eyesight, and that there was an alternative sentence of which he would take advantage. He advised the counsel that at the proper time he would impose the maximum fine of \$10,000.

Mills Going on Full Time

Providence, May 29.—The B. B. & R. Knight company posted notices yesterday in its cotton mills in ten Rhode Island and four Massachusetts towns announcing that full-time schedules will be resumed on Monday. The mills of the company have been running forty-four hours weekly for ten weeks. Under the full-time schedule they will be in operation fifty-eight hours a week. The company employs 6000 persons. The Crompton company's cotton mills at Crompton, which have been running four days a week, the Warwick mills of Centerville and the Warren company of Warren have also adapted full-time schedules.

To Collect Missing Lawyer's Bond

Boston, May 29.—William F. Mitchell, a lawyer, who was thought to have committed suicide by jumping from the Portland boat Bay State last Saturday, was defaulted in the superior criminal court and the court ordered that his bond be collected. The trial of Mitchell on the charge of forgery in uttering a mortgage claimed to have been worthless was set for last Tuesday.

Shaw's Wealth Was Overestimated

Boston, May 29.—Sidney K. Singer, the conservator for John O. Shaw, whose financial affairs became greatly tangled some months ago, filed a final account of Shaw's estate in the probate court yesterday. In this account the value of the estate is given as \$30,223.14. The value of the estate, however, has been estimated as high as \$250,000 by Shaw's friends.

Show Horse Put to Death

Beverly, Mass., May 29.—Forest King, the \$15,000 show horse, owned by William H. Moore of New York and Beverly, which had taken prizes at many horse shows all over the country, was shot, having dislocated a shoulder by a fall. A New York veterinary was summoned in an endeavor to save the animal, but without avail.

Boy Killed in Hoisting Machine

Portland, Me., May 29.—Robert W. Logue, 11 years old, while playing on a machine that is used for the hoisting of sand by means of an endless chain into a sifting machine, was caught in the chain and before the machine could be stopped both of his thighs were fractured and his skull crushed. He died in a short time.

Jeremiah McCarthy, charged with manslaughter in connection with the death of Arthur Norton at the Custer farm, Portland, Me., was sentenced to five years in state prison.

BOY SCRATCHED DAY AND NIGHT

Eczema Began When a Tiny Baby
and Lasted 7 Years—Tore Crusts
from Face Till It Was All Raw—
Screamed with Pain and Could not
Sleep—Though Specialists Failed

CUTICURA EFFECTED A WONDERFUL CURE

"When my little boy was six weeks old an eruption broke out on his face. I took him to a doctor and got ointments and medicines but his face kept on getting worse until it got so bad that no one could look at him. His whole face was one crust and must have been very painful. He scratched day and night until his face sometimes looked like a raw piece of meat. I was nearly insane with his scratching. Then I took him to the best specialists in skin diseases but they could not do much for him. He sometimes screamed with pain when I put on the salve they gave me. When he was two years old the eczema got on his arms and legs so that I had to keep them bandaged up and I made gloves for his hands so that he could not scratch himself. We could not get a night's sleep in months and my husband and I were all broken up. Then my mother asked why I did not give up the doctors and try Cuticura. So I got a set and he felt relieved the first time I used them. The Cuticura ointment felt so cool. He used to wake up and ask for Cuticura to be put on when he itched so badly that he could not sleep, and he would say, 'Oh Mama, that makes my sores feel so good!' I gave the Cuticura Remedies a good trial and gradually the eczema healed all up and now he is as well as any other child. He is now seven years old and the cure has lasted two months, so I think it will never return. I can't tell you how glad I am that Cuticura did such wonderful work in our case and I shall recommend it everywhere. Mrs. John O. Klump, 80 Niagara, Newark, N. J., Oct. 17 and 29, 1907."

A single set of Cuticura Remedies, consisting of Cuticura Soap (21¢), Cuticura Ointment (50¢), and Resolvent (25¢), or Pills (25¢), per trial of 50¢, is offered absolutely free to all who send for it. Write to Dr. J. C. Clark, Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. or Mail Order, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

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If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Usual prescriptions given personal attention.
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"Simple Simon": His Simple Life.

The church clock at the top of the hill struck eleven. Its deliberate tones floated down over the house-tops and across the fields to where William Dodd was waiting in his garden. A good deal of satisfaction came over his face. He stood upright, his knuckles at what might have been called by courtesy the small of his back, and stretched himself. Then he got together his fork, his hoe and his wooden garden basket and went off to the house.

He was round and short and elderly. Forty years before his pink face, wide open eyes, and air of innocent bewilderment had earned him the name of Simple Simon from his fellow clerks at the London bank at which he had been employed, and middle age had only served to make it more appropriate.

He had on a pair of striped trousers, very baggy at the knees, and a tall coat of a greenish blue, still black in places. He was wearing out the clothes he had at the time of his retirement. When the time came to buy another suit, it would be of the pattern called "pepper and salt."

It was a fine sunny morning in May. Larks were singing, poised somewhere in the blue over the meadows. Simple Simon had been aware of them during the hour in which he had been weeding. He had also taken notice of the fresh sweetness of the country air, of the smell of the earth, of the vigorous spring growth that was going on, almost visibly around him, of the bright colors of the flowers on the borders of his vegetable ground.

He put his tools away in the shed he had built for their accommodation, cleaned his boots on the iron scraper outside it, and then went along the brick path to the back of the house and called out, "Now, then, mother! Eleven o'clock!"

Mrs. Dodd appeared at the door with a tray, upon which were a jar of beer, a glass, a hunk of bread and cheese. She, too, was stout and round, and her comely face wore the same look of placid contentment as her husband's. She had on an immense apron over her neat stuff dress.

"Been making the arbor, father?" she asked, as she deposited the tray on a wooden bench by the door.

"Arbor?" echoed Simple Simon, taking his seat beside the tray. "Why your wife has gone wool gathering. The arbor's from eleven till one. Going to start on it now. What have you been doing?"

"Counting the wash and trying to knock some sense into that girl's head. Now I'm going over the glass and china cupboard till dinner time." "Ah, you'll like that. For, what a life it is! Never a moment without something pleasant to do, and nobody got a right to come along and tell you to do something else. Now, mother, is it as good as we figured it out, or isn't it?"

"Go along with you!" replied Mrs. Dodd. "You know well enough what I think. I can't stop talking here all the morning!"

She disappeared into the house. Her husband finished his morning's refreshment, and sat for a few minutes rubbing his hands on his knees, his face turned toward the sun, that had already begun to color it. Then he got up briskly and went to his shed for another set of tools.

Simple Simon was in his usual position of having realized a life-long aim and of having gained as much satisfaction from it as he had anticipated.

When he had married, thirty years before, with only the salary of a young bank clerk upon which to support himself, his wife and a possible family, it would have seemed out of the question that his prospects would have enabled him to buy a little house with a large garden in the country and live in it for the years that remained to him after his work should be finished. But that was the end that he and his wife had in view all through the years of youth and middle age; and the end has been accomplished.

They had saved a little every year, from the first, except in the year in which their daughter had been born, and that other black year in which she had had rheumatic fever and they had nearly lost her. As time went on and Simple Simon's salary increased, they saved more. It came to be a pleasure to do without things and add something to the store. For every shilling they denied themselves they gained a sovereign's worth in anticipation.

Simple Simon, upon his marriage, had gone into a little house in a quiet but poky street in Kenilworth Town, and he had lived in that little house for thirty years, until he bought his own in the country.

He thought of those years now, as he measured and sawed and hammered in the spring sawdust, with the peace of the country surrounding him.

They had not been bad years. The little house at the end of the dull street, under the high wall, had always been clean and cozy within, and in summer time it was disagreeably hot and stifled in the midst of those miles of streets, and as disagreeably cheerless in the bad days, there was always the great emancipation to look forward to and take on a brighter aspect by contrast with present surroundings.

And there was Hampstead Heath not far off and the pleasant suburbs, in one of which Simple Simon himself even then had been living if he had not set his heart upon something still better in the years to come. He and his wife and his little girl made expeditions together on holidays and on summer evenings. They were known in the street in which they lived as "The Happy Family." But they kept much to themselves.

It seemed to Simple Simon, as he worked away by the blossoming lilac, that those years had covered a very short space of time. There had been scarcely any change in them. There would have been none, year after year, if it had not been for the growing up of their daughter.

She supplied the landmarks. In this year she had scarlet fever, and they took her to Lowestoft for a holiday; in that she first played at the school concert; in that she gained her scholarship at the academy; in that she was so ill; in that she got her appointment as music teacher at the big school in which she had been educated; in that she was married; in that her child was born.

Simple Simon's face softened as he thought of the child. He was the fondest of grandparenthood.

Yes, she had been a good girl. Life in the little house in Kenilworth Town, even with the great emancipation to look forward to, would have been dull without her.

And perhaps it was just as well that her husband, who had been the drawing master at the school, was not very well off. Simple Simon had been able to help his girl, and was helping her now. There was plenty for that. He and mother would not be so contented

as they were if they had had nobody but themselves to think of and spend their money on.

The church clock struck one. Simple Simon drew himself up again and gathered his tools together. It was time to go to work and change his clothes. In the afternoon, after a nap in the armchair in the dining room window, framed in honeysuckle, he would occupy himself with the lighter phases of gardening, pottering about with a hunk of bast and a pair of garden clippers until tea time. After that he and his wife would go for a stroll by field paths and country lanes, and return in the evening to their quiet, pleasant little home.

And so the days and the years would pass, and they would grow old together, in peace and contentment, with their child and their child's child to ward from them the desolate loneliness of age.

A thrush sang in the lilacs. A light breeze blowing over a bed of wall flowers wafted fragrance. The sun shone on a clump of tall lilacs.

Simple Simon lifted his gray head and looked round him. His eyes were moist. "I don't know what I've done to deserve to be so happy," he said.—London Mail.

Secret Writing.

The modern detective story so frequently depends for its plot either upon a cryptogram or invisible writing that a general interest attaches to a recent discovery made by Prof. Gross of Germany. This is nothing more or less than a method of invisible writing used by convicts for the purpose of secretly communicating with their friends who are still at liberty. According to the description of the German professor it is one of the simplest and most effective methods ever invented.

Take a sheet of common writing paper, moisten it well with clear water, and then place it on a hard, smooth surface, such as glass or stone. After carefully removing all air bubbles from the sheet place upon it another dry sheet of equal size and write upon it your communication with a sharp-pointed pencil. Then destroy the dry paper upon which the writing has been done, and allow the wet paper to dry gradually by exposure to the air.

When the wet paper is thoroughly dry, not a trace of the writing will be visible. But on moistening the sheet again with clear water and holding it against the light, the writing can be read in a clear transparency. In other words, it can be read precisely like the "water marks" used by paper manufacturers. The writing, disappears again after drying in the air, but it may be reproduced by moistening for an indefinite number of times. Should the sheets become too much heated, however, the writing will disappear, never to reappear again.

Into the Beyond.

If the next life is to give to the fit survivor the realization of denied things, there must be involved to a certain extent, the restitution of lost things," writes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps on "The World Invisible" in Harper's Bazar. "No preacher or teacher, no writer who ventures to approach the mysteries of the unknown life ever escapes the bombardment of one question, more often repeated, more poignant than all others, 'Shall I find the soul I loved?'"

"If it is worth loving, and if you are worthy to love it—yes. Since God, who is love, gave you love capacity, and since fate, which may or may not be God, starved you with love famine—yes. By every broken heart, by every widowed sob, by every grief too great for tears, by every flower of pure and perfect love broken at its roots in the garden of your trampled being—yes."

"I am ready to my without hesitation that for the love-worthy the next world must fulfill the obligations of this one, and that the restoration of our borrowed dead is one of the most legal of such obligations."

Witchcraft and Rainfall.

[From the *Lourenco Marques Guardian*]

Native superstitions which one would have thought had died out long ago from among natives coming into such close contact with Europeans as natives do nowadays have been revived lately by the long-continued drought that the country is suffering under.

They are convinced that nothing less than witchcraft is at the bottom of it, and they are all on the lookout for the "abakagali."

A few weeks ago a native named Mabelemba, accused of witchcraft, was seized and thrown into the Komati River. Mabelemba fled to the fort and placed himself under the protection of the commandant of the Sautle. Last week another native named Bob, living south of the line on the Sikongene spruit, was accused of witchcraft by having drawn an invisible skin over the eyes to prevent rain from falling. He was seized by a big crowd of angry natives, tied up and severely beaten. His wife and children were carried off, his goats killed and eaten and all his property was destroyed.

The French Academy.

[From the *Londoner's Literary* in the *May Century*.]

In a period when so many time-honored traditions of France sink beneath the waves of what we are pleased to style progress, without perhaps caring to learn whether we gain or lose as the stormy tide flows on, there is one national institution still standing firm, which, despite all that is said against it, is unique: I mean the French Academy. In vain have men tried to raise up rivals; it remains the sole arbiter of taste, the guardian of our language, the last surviving vestige of sovereignty. To prove this would be an interesting study, in view of the increasing importance attached to the "Académie des Goncourt," and to the committee which has been humorously called the "Académie of Women."

In the days when the higher education of women provoked more discussion than it does at the present time, a number of Cambridge university men, among them Arthur Clement Hillson, were discussing the establishment of women's colleges. Hillson, says his biographer, Sir Robert Eggecombe, expressed himself in favor of the movement.

"Of course," he said, "when women get their degrees they will not be bachelors, but spinners of art, and then after while they will proceed to the degree of M. A.—ma."

Cub Bear's Adventures.

The next morning early the little Cub Bear got up and rubbed his eyes with his paw, instead of washing them as little boys do.

Just then he heard a noise as if some animal were coming, and he ran to the mouth of the den and looked out, and said: "I see the queerest looking animal coming up the path. It has long ears and a great big mouth, and a queer looking tail, and looks something like a horse." And just then the owl saw the animal and said, "Who-o-o, who-o-o?" and the animal answered, "Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw." And the Circus Bear said, "I know who that is. That is a mule. His name is Neddie." Just then Neddie came to the mouth of the den, and the little Cub Bear said, very politely, "Come in, Mr. Neddie," and he came into the den, and the little Cub Bear said, "Mr. Neddie, we are going to try and build a house big enough for all the animals, so if they come to see us we will have a place for them to stay. Can you help us?" Then Mr. Neddie said, "I would be very glad to, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the circus," and the little Cub Bear said, "What can you do?" And Neddie said, "I haven't worked for a long while, but I can kick like everything."

The little Cub Bear said, "Well, here is a soft place in the rock. Perhaps if you will kick, it will fall down and make more room." And Neddie turned around and kicked the rock, and it fell down; and he kicked, and he kicked, and more rocks fell down; and he kicked, and more rocks fell down; and he kept on kicking, and more rocks fell down and the bears picked up the rocks and carried them out, and when he got through there was a nice large room, and the little Cub Bear said, "We will call this Neddie's room." That day the bears worked hard trying to find enough to eat for themselves and for all the other animals that were coming to see them, for the little Circus Bear told his father and mother just what kind of things the circus animals liked to eat.

Before he went to bed that night the little Circus Bear said to his father, "I am very glad that my brother was in the circus, because if he hadn't been maybe he would have kicked me instead of the rocks."—From *Christie D. Wilbur's "The Bear Family at Home,"* in April St. Nicholas.

Round Shoulders.

According to the newest theories, round shoulders are not to be cured by exercise alone. For they are caused not merely from a careless way of holding the back, but indicate a weak condition of the entire system, and so a special diet calculated to supply the missing strength forms an important part of the straightening process. A treatment to effect a cure for this trouble should include an invigorating tonic, such as quinine and iron, and the most simple and regular way of living. Only easily digested and nourishing food should be eaten, and sound sleep necessary for perfect rest must be secured.

Being out of doors all that is possible is part of the cure, the theory being that fresh air tones and strengthens the entire body. Walking is the best of all exercise to take at such times, making every effort to hold the shoulders back, expand the chest and breathe deeply, says the *New York Evening Telegram*. Once chest expansion is gained, round shoulders are banished, for the spine takes on its proper line and the shoulder blades go back into place. Bicycle riding is good to straighten the back, always provided that one does not go in for "scorching," but rides slowly and easily, sitting erect. Horse-back riding is the perfection of exercise to remedy such trouble.

Impressed as Postman.

Gesticulating wildly, a determined-faced man the other morning ran after a Union station car with the air of a man who is anxious to overtake what he is after.

Even the conductor recognized that the man seemed to want the car to stop, and he pulled the bell cord. Perhaps the man wanted to catch a train, the conductor thought. Every once in a while one will find a conductor with almost human traits.

In a moment the man had caught up. "D'you go by the postoffice?" he yelled in a hoarse voice that betrayed his emotion.

"Sure!" shouted the conductor. "Jump on."

But the man, instead of climbing on, handed the conductor a letter.

"Just drop that in when you get to the postoffice, will you?" says he. And then he turned back up the street.

The bell rope, being a strong one, did not quite break when the conductor gave the signal to go ahead.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Out of His Line.

Reginald De Koven, the composer, tells of a grocer and a druggist who attended a Wagner concert. As the programme did not please them they began talking of music in general and on Wagner in particular.

"Another example of the fact that every man wants to do something out of his line," said the druggist.

"That's all right," assented the grocer. "Now, I'm a grocer, but I've always wanted to be a banker."

"You'd probably fail," added the druggist. "Look at me. I'm a success as a druggist, yet I've always wanted to write a book." This man Wagner tries his hand at music. Just listen to it. And we all know he builds good parlor cars!—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Pater—Never mind. You'll live just as long even if you can't marry that particular girl. Bleeding Heart—Perhaps—but it will seem much longer.—*Life*.

Lawyer Hawk—Do you know the nature of an oath, sir? Mr. Parrot (ironically)—Aw, say, what do you take me for—a bird of paradise or the dove of peace?—*Puck*.

"Your daughter has a wonderful ear for music." "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox wearily, "seems like it can stand most anything."—*Washington Star*.

"That man is constantly staring at me," exclaimed Miss Simpson.

"Be careful not to embarrass him by noticing it," replied Miss Cayenne. "He has a glass eye."—*Washington Star*.

Hub—I insured my life today, Katie. Wife—And not mine, too? Isn't that just like a man, never thinking of anybody but himself.—*Boston*.

Girl Smoked, Too.

The whole White family—the father, the mother, the son, 10 years old, and the daughter, 9 years old—smoked cob pipes. Little Effie has smoked a cob pipe regularly since she was 5 years old. The mother admitted all of this in the Juvenile Court this morning, and argued with Judge H. L. McCune that it is perfectly proper for little boys and girls to smoke cob pipes.

J. R. White and his family live at the foot of Walnut street. Manuel White, 10 years old, was in the Juvenile Court charged with stealing railroad iron. It was during his trial that Judge McCune learned that all the members of the family use tobacco.

In the summer time I used to see the father, the mother and the two children sitting on the porch, each of them smoking a cob pipe. W. E. Riskey, a special officer for the Missouri Pacific Railroad said, "The little girl smoked the pipe with as much unconcern as an old man."

"What on earth do you mean, Mrs. White, by permitting your little children to smoke pipes?" Inquired the judge. "I never heard of such a mother."

"I let them smoke because they wished to," Mrs. White replied. "I don't see anything wrong with smoking."

"I don't know what to say to a person who has such ideas," the judge said. "About your behavior of yourself?"

"Not a bit of it. We are poor, but we are honest, and if we wish to smoke we will smoke, that's all."

"Well, we will see about those little children smoking pipes," Judge McCune said. "I'm going to see if your boy and girl can be broken of the habit. Where is this little 9-year-old girl who uses a pipe with such ease and unconcern?"

"She's in school," the mother said. "Bring her here; I want to take a look at her," the judge ordered. "The case will be continued."

An Important Person.

There are not a few men who fancy that because they are persons of wealth and consequence in a community they are exempt from the duties and liabilities of an ordinary citizen. A man of this sort was drawn to serve upon a jury, and did not appear when his name was called in court. The court ordered that he be fined \$5.

About half an hour afterward the man appeared in the courtroom to answer tardily to his name.

"You have been fined \$5 for non-attendance," said the judge.

"But I had a very important business engagement," said the man.

"Did you suppose that an engagement would excuse you for not answering the summons of the court?" asked the judge, rather angrily.

The juror, who was a pompous man with an important air, began to grow indignant at being addressed in this way.

"I would have your honor understand," he exclaimed, "that I am one of the most prominent business men in this community!"

"Oh! In that case," said the judge, quietly, "you will be able to stand a larger fine. Mr. Clerk, you will increase this gentleman's fine for non-attendance to \$10."—*Tribune*.

A Simple Plan.

From Dr. Shady's "General Grant's Last Days" in the *May Century*.

He [Grant] was as simple in his tastes as he was mild in his manner. Those who knew him only as the stern man of Vicksburg, the warrior whose ultimatum was "unconditional surrender," found it difficult to reconcile such an estimate of his character with that of the plain, modest person, with soft, kindly voice and cordial manner, who could place himself on the natural level with any ordinary, every-day visitor. His modesty, which sometimes amounted to positive shyness, was so unaffected and natural that no one could doubt its genuineness, which made it all the more difficult to match the man with his former deeds. The chastisement of his illness doubtless had much to do with the accentuation of this part of his character, and thus displayed his purely human side to the high light of more thorough analysis.

A Balzac Story.

A story, said to be new, of Balzac, is related by a French contemporary. A burglar gained admission to Balzac's house, and was soon at work, by the light of the moon, at the lock of the secretaire in the novelist's chamber. Balzac was asleep at the time, but the movements of the intruder aroused him. The burglar, who was working most industriously, paused. A strident laugh arrested his operations, and he beheld by the moonlight the novelist sitting up in bed, his sides aching with laughter. "What is it that makes you merry?" demanded the burglar. "I laugh," replied the author of "Pere Goriot." "To think that you should come in the night without a lantern to search my secretaire for money, when I can never find any there in broad daylight."—*Westminster Gazette*.

From what I've seen The fair Maxine Says if we'd stylah be, This rule must always match our hair, Our clothes must always match our hair, O gobs of gloom! O drabs of despair! O dictum dire for me!

Never could I smile If out of style, And yet—O woful tale! If clothes I wear to match my hair, They'll be so low-cut, thin and spare, Comstock will nab me, that is clear, And haul me off to jail.

There was a terrible dynamite explosion near a small town the other day. An old lady, hearing it, turned toward the door of her sitting room, and said:

"Come in, Bella."

"When her servant entered the room she said:

"Do you know, Bella, my hearing is evidently improving. I heard you knock at the door for the first time in twenty years."—*Tribune*.

Absent-mindedly the young woman yawned.

"Pardon me," she said. "I didn't mean to do that."

"I see," responded Mr. Lingerlong. "Opened by mistake."—*Chicago Tribune*.

She—I'm told you believe in nothing. He—I never said so. I said I believed only in what I understood.—*Punch*.

A bore is a man who talks about his own motor car when you want to talk about yours.—*Lippincott's*.

Nora's Stone Butterfly.

Teddy and Nora ran into grandpa's study all out of breath.

"It is, isn't it, grandpa?" cried Nora. "It isn't, is it?" cried Teddy.

"What are you talking about, children?" asked grandpa, smiling.

"About my stone butterfly," said Nora, eagerly. "I found it down by the brook. It must have got in the stone some way. See here!"

Nora held out a stone in which was something that looked very much like a butterfly with its wings spread. Grandpa took it in his hand and looked at it carefully. "That is not a butterfly," said he.

"There, Nora!" said Teddy. "I told you it just happened so."

"No," grandpa went on, "it did not just happen so. Let me tell you a story."

"Oh, do, grandpa!" cried Teddy and Nora together.

"A long, long time ago—"

"When you were a little boy?" interrupted Nora.

"It was long before there were any little boys in the world," said grandpa, "and just where our farm is now, nothing was to be seen except the ocean. In the ocean lived a great many shell fish. There was one little fellow who had a very pretty shell, though I can't tell you just what color it was. He had a splendid time swimming about with his mates in the warm sea water as long as he lived, and when he died, he left his little shell in the sand at the bottom of the ocean. The sea slowly drifted away, and the sand sifted over the shell and grew harder and harder, till at last it turned to stone, and the shell turned to stone, too. There it lay for thousands of years, till at last a little girl found it and called it a stone butterfly."

"O grandpa, how funny!" cried Nora. "And are there any more shells in the rocks?"

"There are so many," said grandpa, "that you could not write the number on your slate."

"Then see if I don't fill my cabinet with 'em!" cried Teddy.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Happy Solution.

There had been a long-standing difference of opinion in the Plunkett family concerning the dining table. Mrs. Plunkett maintained that its legs were too short, and ought to be lengthened at least half an inch.

"It doesn't fit our chairs, Jared, and you know it," she continued. "When we sit down to this table we're too high above it. You could have pieces of wood glued in the ends of the legs. That would be easier than to saw off the ends of all the chair legs."

"I don't agree to your proposition at all, Cordella," said Mr. Plunkett. "I think the table is just right. But I'm willing to compromise the matter. You have been wanting a hardwood floor in this dining room for a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, we can have that new kind of hardwood flooring that is laid on top of the old floor. That will raise the entire surface of an inch or more, and that will raise the table of course, just so much. How will that go?"

This seemed to be a fair proposition, and without a moment's hesitation Mrs. Plunkett accepted it as a satisfactory compromise.—*Youth's Companion*.

Quips.

It is not age, but poverty, that nowadays steals woman's looks away.

It is rather hard luck for a man with leucemia to marry a girl who snores.

In writing a love letter, bear constantly in mind that it may some day appear in print.

By the time you are old enough to realize your ignorance you are too old to let it worry you.

An engaged girl's greatest happiness is in talking it over with a girl who is neither engaged nor likely to be.

The modern world of business is so overcrowded that you can't put one man on the back without stepping on another man's toes to do it.

Even more agreeable than he who will let you talk all the time about yourself is he who is always telling you the good things he has heard people say about you.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

"I am going to have my photos taken. I hope they will do me justice."

"I hope so, too—justice tempered with mercy."—*Judge*.

The doctor—That's old Hasbrock's place. Richest man round here.

"What's he got?" "Chronic dyspepsia."—*Life*.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of children, and is a great relief to the mother. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of children, and is a great relief to the mother.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. All queries should be clearly stated. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908.

NOTES.

BROWN. CARR. COLE—Chad Brown, b. 1831, d. 1895, married Elizabeth Carr, b. 1831, d. 1895. He was a surveyor, and the first settled pastor of the First Baptist Church. He came to Boston in 1857, and in 1858, and the same year went to Providence, R. I., where he signed an agreement of the declining to be inhabitants. He was buried in the original home lot, and in 1895, his body was removed to the North Burial Ground, where a monument was erected to his memory by town of Providence. His son, James Brown, born 1858, died before 1883, married Elizabeth Carr. He was a cooper at Newport, R. I.; Freeman, 1871. His son, Essek Brown, Newport, R. I., and Swansea, Mass., born Mar. 8, 1879, died Dec. 30, 1879, married, Nov. 29, 1883, Mary Carr, of Cape, born Oct. 7, 1833, died Dec. 17, 1876. Essek and Mary deeded to Col. Nathaniel Paine, of Bristol, land in Bristol. Taunton Land Evidence, Vol. 10, p. 100. His son, Essek Brown, born Aug. 13, 1872, married Rachel Cole, of James. Robert Carr, b. 1814, d. 1881, married—He was a tailor at Newport, R. I., came in ship Eliza and Ann from London, at the age of 21, bringing with him his younger brother Caleb. He was Freeman 1855. His son, Elizabeth Carr, b. 1833, d. 1895, married James Brown. Caleb Carr, b. 1824, d. Dec. 17, 1895, m. d. Mary Carr, b. 1831, d. Sept. 21, 1875. He was Freeman, 1855; General Treasurer, 1861-63; Deputy, 1864-5; 7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224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-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-